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PUNCH



NOVEMBER

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Vol. CCXVII
No. 5686

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



*In achieving perfection
quality must be as consistent
in detail as in fundamentals*

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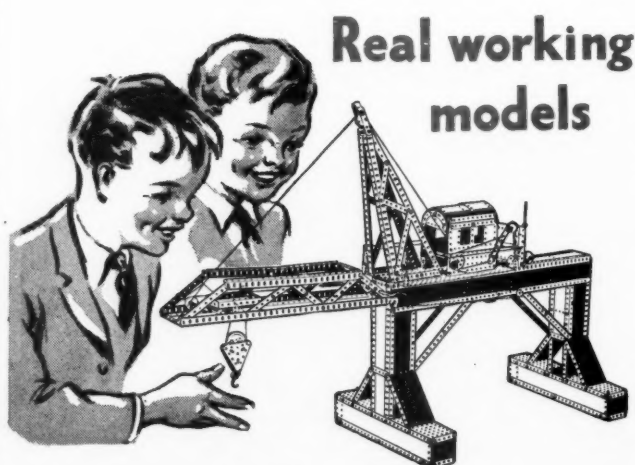
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A good game, with good company, and
Capstan to add to the enjoyment.
This really good cigarette is
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HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM and
BRISTOL MILK are famous all over the
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BRISTOL DRY is a superb FINO
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Overcoats

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Dry Shaver for the smoothest dry
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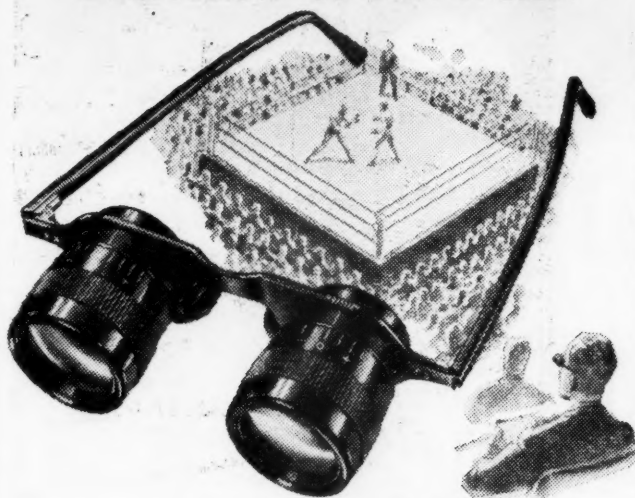
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for a Ref's-eye view!

The SPORTSMAN—superbly neat, light and well balanced—is worn like a pair of spectacles! Spectacular, too, is SPORTSMAN's brilliant optical performance—Kershaw lenses see to that. When visiting sports stadium, concert-hall or theatre, take the SPORTSMAN with you to be sure of a 'close-up' view. And remember, almost anyone would welcome the SPORTSMAN as a Christmas present. See your dealer today.



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A Company within the J. Arthur Rank Organisation

KEEP FRIENDSHIP EVERGREEN WITH EVERSHARP

A gift of an Eversharp Repeater is a handsome way of saying to your friends overseas—"out of sight, but not out of mind". The streamlined gold-filled Repeater has the beauty of a lasting gift, yet it is really practical. Press the cap—the lead appears. Press again, and the lead can withdraw to safety. Remove the reversible eraser, drop in the leads, and there's 6 months' easy writing in hand. No winding, no adjusting, always a lead ready. The prices, too, are just right for the times. This one costs 45/10d. (inc. tax). Others from 12/6d.



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BRITISH MADE

REPEATER

PENCILS

Eversharp products are made in Great Britain, Canada, and the U.S.A.

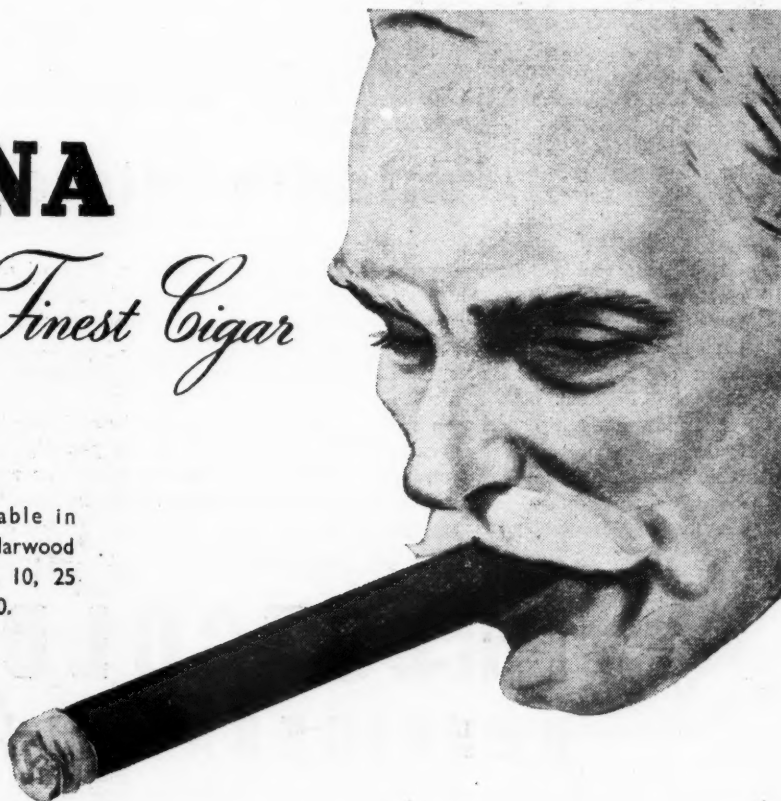
EVERSHARP LTD., 195-9 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

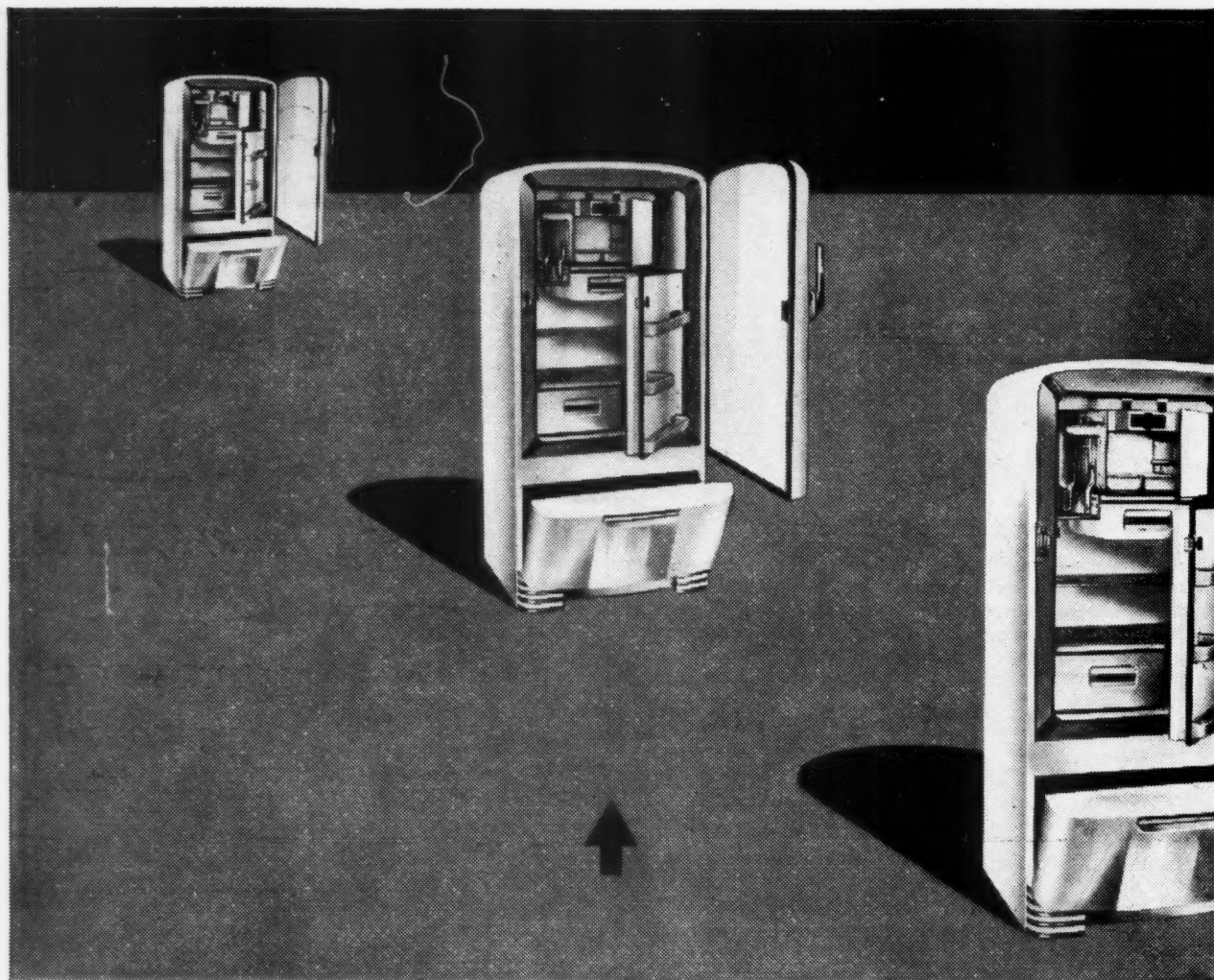
JAMAVANA

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Now available in
seasoned cedarwood
boxes of 5, 10, 25
and 50.





middle distance . . .

How great is your need for a refrigerator? So pressing that you *must* have one now — immediately? Or can you wait just a bit longer to get the best at the lowest cost? If so, remember these points about Prestcold.

First, Prestcold refrigerators are made by the largest manufacturers of automatic refrigerators in Britain — by a company famed for fine engineering. Secondly, size for size, Prestcold prices are the

lowest of any. Thirdly, Prestcold refrigerators are designed to incorporate *all* the features you want most — including the exclusive "Presmetic" hermetically sealed unit for trouble-free, economical running.

Twelve months ago, for most people in this country (and that probably included you) a Prestcold refrigerator was merely a little white blob on the horizon. To-day . . .

Well, the gap is narrowing. Shall we say that your Prestcold to-day is in . . . the middle distance?

The model shown above is Prestcold family refrigerator S.471 — price £64 plus £15 19s. 10d. purchase tax.



PRESTCOLD REFRIGERATORS

— a model to suit every home, every pocket.



This is Prestcold table-top model S311 for the smaller home. Like all Prestcold refrigerators beautifully designed, immaculately finished.

Price £45 plus £11 3s. 7d. purchase tax.

FRANKLY, the carrot and turnip pie was not a success.

Tommy has kicked the toes off his shoes

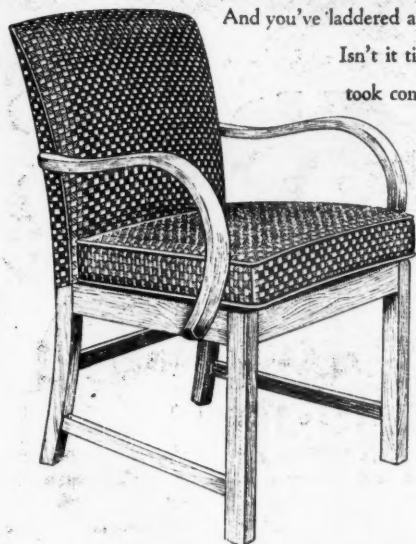
and there's a pile of mending.

And you've laddered a new pair of nylons.

Isn't it time you relaxed and

took comfort in the arms of

your Parker-Knoll?



The
HARVEY
(Contract Model)

Ask to see it at your local furnisiers. To be sure you get the genuine article, see that the salesman writes the name "Parker-Knoll" on your receipt.

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CVS-27

best IN THE LONG RUN . . .



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made from the famous Grenfell Cloth in a range of appropriate shades. From a few good stores who specialise in Winter Sports attire.



Should you experience any difficulty write to:

HAYTHORNTWHAITE & SONS LTD · LODGE MILL · BURNLEY · LANCs.



Original Christmas presents

To be original in one's choice of a Christmas gift is by no means easy. Perhaps the suggestions here illustrated will be helpful to you.

A.—Hide Brief Case of ample proportions, 16in. x 11in. and containing 3 compartments for papers and documents . . . **£7.5.0**

B.—Man's Zip Dressing Case in Pigskin. Fitted with Ironwood-backed brushes and usual toilettries **£16.19.3**

C.—Pair of Ivory-backed Military Hair Brushes filled with best quality bristles. Complete with Ivory Comb. in case . . . **£26.7.6**

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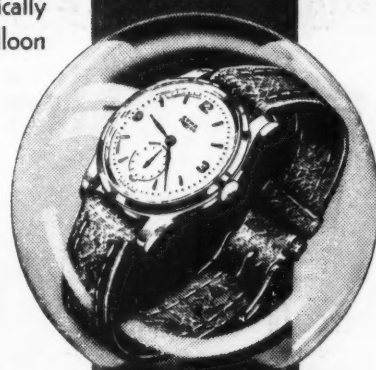
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owes its successful protection against DUST and DIRT to the perfect construction of its specially built case.

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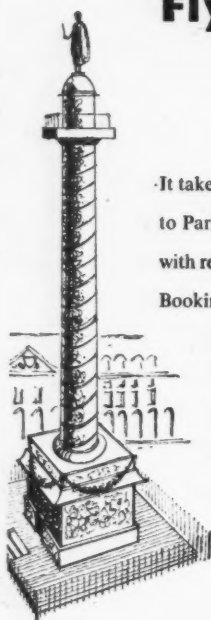
Fly BEA to Paris £10 Return

On **Four** daily services

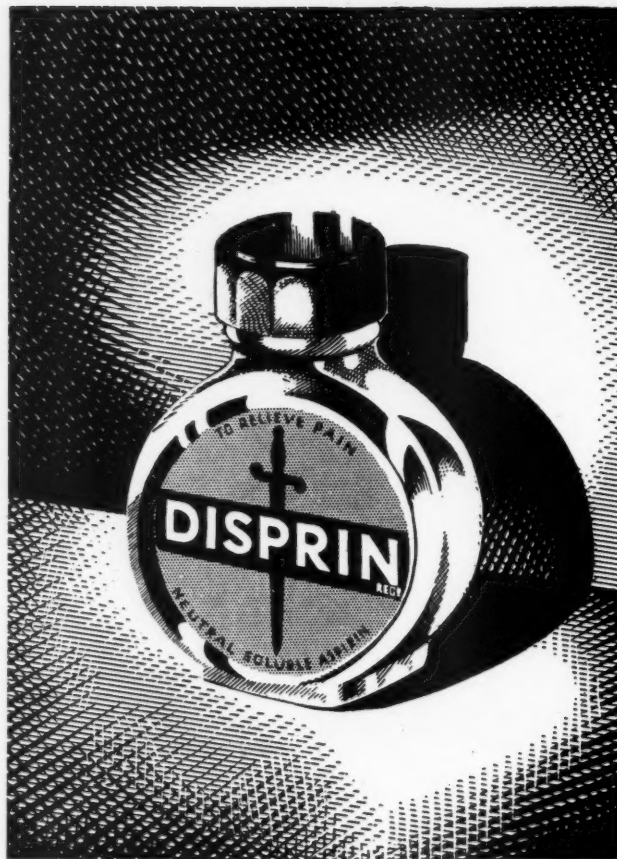
It takes about 1 hour 40 minutes from Northolt to Paris. You fly in a luxurious BEA Viking—with refreshments and custom-free bar facilities.

Bookings: Travel Agents, local BEA offices, or BEA, Dorland Hall, 14/20 Regent Street, S.W.1. Tel.: GERRard 9833. Remember, there are also four other daily flights from Northolt: fare £14.8.0 return.

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A Silvikerin product

concentrated for economy —
a touch is all you need to groom
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For everyone who sometimes needs aspirin to relieve pain, science has made a new advance. In 'Disprin' the acidity and insolubility of aspirin have now been overcome in a stable tablet. Aspirin (*acetylsalicylic acid*) enters the stomach in the form of undissolved acid particles, which may, in susceptible cases, produce gastric irritation resulting in heartburn or dyspepsia. Disprin, on the other hand, forms a neutral and palatable solution. This neutral (*non-acid*) solution does not irritate the stomach lining: it is absorbed and takes effect without delay. Disprin is a most important new step in aspirin therapy. Your doctor will tell you why. Bottle of 26 tablets 2/-. From all chemists



Eton Wall Game

What are they talking about?

No, they're not talking about a "Shy". The topic is Burrough's Gin. People of discernment, who prefer gin drinks, always try for Burrough's because it is *triple distilled*. This is the extra refinement that makes Burrough's Gin soft, smooth and clean to the palate. Taken plain it is delicious . . . and Burrough's Gin always "keeps its place" even in the most delicious cocktail. Prices: 32/4 per bottle; 16/11 per half bottle.



ENJOYED SINCE 1820

BURROUGH'S *Gin*
BEEFEATER
IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 75, CALE DISTILLERY, HUTTON ROAD, S.E.11



Burgoyne's
HARVEST BURGUNDY
FROM EMPIRE VINEYARDS

★ Remember GOOD WINE HAS FOOD VALUE

"... you must soon work for a living. Until you are called up, anything you can find to do will prove worth doing. I suggest ..."



Letters that COUNT... count for more on *Basildon Bond*

In every letter you write, to a member of your family, to a sweetheart, or a business friend, your character is revealed. Even the shortest note is a precious fragment of your personality — reflected in your choice of notepaper as well as in the words you write.

There is no more pleasing notepaper than Basildon Bond

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Why pay more?



VOTRIX VERMOUTH

SWEET 10/- DRY 12/6

The Famous **INDIA**

Red Ring

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There's never been a tyre
like it for mileage, road-grip
and soft-riding qualities.



49/P/RR1

A distinguished new style, Dent's Double-V. The vented half-gauntlet turns back easily so as to lie flat on the glove



"Hidden Fit"

What enables a good glove to "give" to the hand when you put it on, and yet never lose its shape?

The answer is to be found in what is known technically as "hidden fit," achieved by expert control of the natural stretch of the leather. This depends on craftsmanship. A highly-skilled cutter cuts each Dent's glove so as to ensure this "hidden fit." That is why Dent's gloves mould themselves so perfectly to a man's hand, look so smart and feel so comfortable.

Look for the Dent's label on the inside. It is the most famous glove label in the world, and your guarantee of style and superb quality.

DENT'S GLOVES WORN BY
DISCRIMINATING MEN





"What's the translation George?"

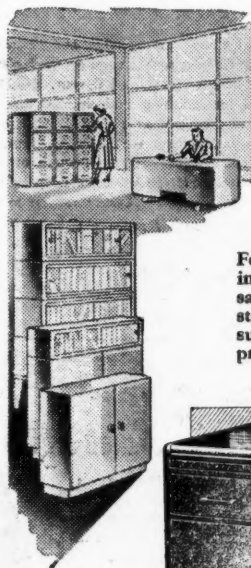
"Oh! They thank us for our quotation, which they have pleasure in accepting, etc., etc. And then they go on, 'May we say how favourably impressed we were to receive your letter and estimate typed in Portuguese'".

By means of interchangeable keyboards, some 25 different commercial languages can be typed on one Imperial typewriter.

Imperial Typewriters

are worth waiting for

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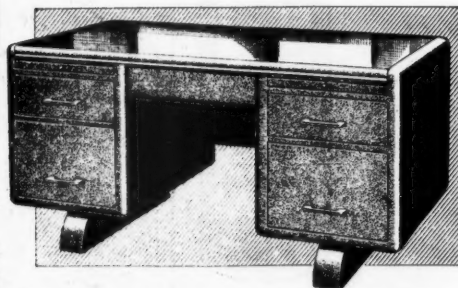


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**PRECISION BUILT BY
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For nearly a century Howdens have been internationally famous as Engineers. The same perfection of designs and meticulous standards of workmanship that have built such an enviable reputation for Howden products, now apply to the manufacture of Office Furniture.



Apply to your usual supplier for Howden Office Equipment and Shelving.

The executive desk illustrated is a typical example of Howden furniture. This Model (D3) is of rigid construction—easily dismantled to facilitate movement. Stove enamelled with linoleum top. Size 60 in. by 33 in.

JAMES HOWDEN & CO. LTD. M'LELLAN ST. GLASGOW

The ECONOMICS of WINE

at CHRISTMAS, just DON'T exist; you have to MUDDLE through as best you CAN, spend TWO months' INCOME in two DAYS, and HOPE for the BEST. Usually it TURNS out to be only the SECOND best, but if THIS year you would take your PEN and cheque-book NOW instead of on Christmas Eve, you have AMPLE time to order from DOMINIC'S, where you can be SURE of the best, BUT—at the LEAST cost. ANY quantity from THREE bottles upwards sent CARRIAGE PAID anywhere in U.K. And ALWAYS on the CLEAR understanding that you can RETURN at OUR expense any item YOU do not like, and we REFUND your money in FULL without question.

PORT is the TRADITIONAL wine of Christmas; devaluation has RAISED prices in Oporto but NOT here—yet. We offer "VELOURO" soft MATURED Tawny port, at 17/6 per bottle. "DOURO-CREAM" full fruity RUBY of vintage character at 18/-. "INHERITANCE" very fine OLD TAWNY, at 19/9.

SHERRY is INDISPENSABLE to hospitality; "PERFECTION PALE" is an excellent MEDIUM-DRY wine which will do you CREDIT in ANY company, but very REASONABLY priced at 17/- per bottle. If you like a BONE-dry sherry, our "BRUTUS" mark is an old "nutty" AMONTILLADO of the highest class, but price is kept down to 21/- per bottle. And "OLD DOMINICUS" is a soft old "cream" OLOROSO—we believe the FINEST of its class—also at 21/- per bottle.

For DAILY drinking, the best BARGAINS by far are our famous South African Sherries; "BITTER-SWEET," a MEDIUM dry pale; "NIGGER BROWN," rich dessert style; and "WHISTLE-DRY," a really dry Fino. ALL at 13/6 per bottle, but SIX bottles sent carriage PAID for £4. Order these with COMPLETE confidence—we KNOW they will please you.

Nothing is so FESTIVE as CHAMPAGNE—we hold stocks of EVERY leading mark but especially offer POMMERY Extra Sec N.V. at 22/6 per bottle; JACQUESSON FILS Dry Perfection, at 19/6; STELLENBOSCH South African at only 12/6—and a delightful wine.

Brandy too you are sure to need—Australian THREE STAR, we guarantee the quality, at ONLY 33/4 per bottle; genuine OLD ARMAGNAC 35/6 per bottle. TRICOCHÉ & Co. Three Star COGNAC at 37/6 bottle. Martell and Hennessy both 42/- Martell CORDON BLEU 52/-. Hennessy X.O. 63/-

OLD IRISH WHISKEY, 70 proof, 33/4, per bottle, but rather LIMITED supply—ONE bottle ONLY per order.

Remember, ANY quantity from THREE bottles upwards, sent CARRIAGE PAID anywhere in U.K. And always our UNQUALIFIED guarantee of FULL refund of the price if YOU do not like the wine.

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PETER DOMINIC & CO. LTD.
All the World's Wines
CARFAX · HORSHAM · SUSSEX
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GIVE 'IT' A NAME!

— and see the name is on the bottle



MARTINI SWEET

A pleasant aperitif filled with the goodness of the Italian sun. Combines with 1/3 gin to create a delicious cocktail of the sweet variety, known as "Gin and It."

MARTINI DRY

Can also be drunk alone for those who like a more austere drink. With 1/3 gin it forms a pure "Dry Italian" cocktail.

Either sweet or dry Martini can be used as the basis for a refreshing after-sports drink — "MARTINI LONG." To a generous measure of Martini add soda water, ice and a slice of lemon or orange.

MARTINI
SWEET & DRY VERMOUTH

Enjoyed the world over
Product of Martini & Rossi S.A. Turin
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'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets, by effectively correcting acidity, give prompt relief from indigestion. They are pleasantly mint-flavoured; convenient to take whenever the need arises.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'
TABLETS

80 Tablets 1/3 — 75 Tablets 2/6
150 Tablets 4/6

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE
CHAR. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD

YOUR CHRISTMAS WINE FOR FIVE-AND-NINE

Our Famous Wines represent the best value in wine obtainable today, and the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality for over 50 years.

RUBY and WHITE Per Bott. 5/9
Good full bodied wines.

BRITISH SHERRY. Brown „ 7/6
Excellent for general use.

BRITISH SHERRY. Pale „ 9/6
Dry Superb flavour and bouquet for all occasions. Extra high strength.

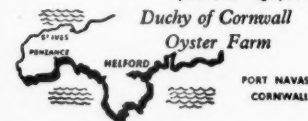
GINGER WINE and ORANGE WINE. „ 6/3
Full alcoholic strength. Ideal for parties.



WHITEWAY'S WINES

HELTFORD OYSTERS

From Helford River, clearest and cleanest of West Country waters, come oysters famed for their succulence and flavour. Hand-picked for condition, and cleansed under laboratory control as a double check on purity, packed to survive the longest journey — Helford Oysters can reach you through the post! Send 15/- for 25 (medium size) Helford Oysters, carriage paid.



The Supreme Xmas Gift

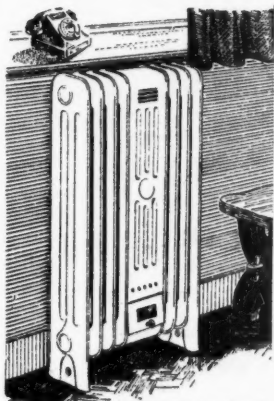
Obtainable from high-class Confectioners, or by post, enclosing personal points. 3/8 per lb. Postage 9d. extra

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Original HARROGATE
TOFFEE
CRESCENT RD. HARROGATE

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MEANS REAL WARMTH-COMFORT FOR EVERY HOME



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Visit your local supplier for a demonstration of Hurseal Gas Radiators (there are three sizes) or, in case of difficulty, write for illustrated leaflet direct to Hurseal Ltd.

HURSEAL LTD

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Anybody who is lucky enough to own a television set knows that the glass screen is curved and that Aunt Lizzie, who is always put at the side, doesn't see as clearly as you, you selfish brute. But cheer up, Auntie; Chance Brothers (whose versatility is quite remarkable) now make the glass for television screens in a new way so that the image is clearer and less distorted,

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...GLASS

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Head Office: Smethwick 40, Birmingham. London Office: 28, St. James's Sq., S.W.1
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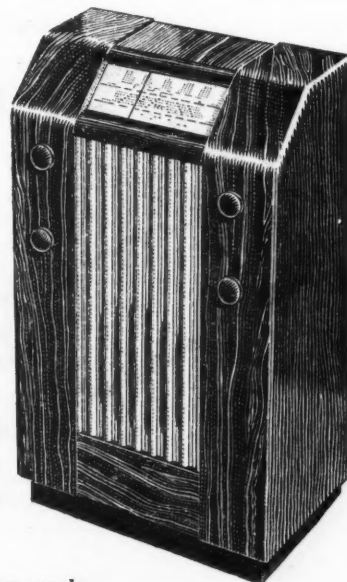


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THE WALPAMUR CO LTD. DARWEN LANCs

THE FINEST VALUE OF ALL THE CONSOLES



The quality—both of design and tone—that stamps this new console as one of G.E.C.'s best speaks for itself. It's built with the technical efficiency that means 'G.E.C.' the world over. Hear it for yourself at your G.E.C. dealers.

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for
PARTICULAR
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**MOTHPROOF
CARPETS & RUGS**

'Take a lot of beating'

BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK



Children look their best
in 'Dayella'

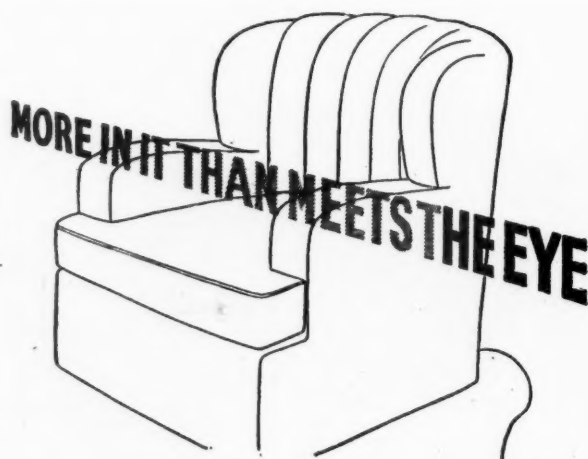
IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



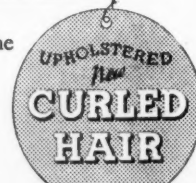
The Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association will be delighted to have any 'Dayella' clothes that your children may have outgrown

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Spinners, Weavers and Sole Manufacturers of
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D 7



When you are buying upholstered furniture it is wise to be sure about the *inside*, as well as its outward appearance. If it carries the Curled Hair tag you can be sure that the filling, the part you cannot see, is the best and most hygienic obtainable. Always look for the Curled Hair tag.



Insist on 'Curled Hair' for comfort and economy

CV8-24



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1848—Established over 100 Years—1949



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in all the delicate perfection of soft shades.

Brilliant Stylists for your individual hair do.

Permanent Waving—Facial Treatments—Manicure.

A complete and delightful beauty service under one roof,

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-Christmas Presents-

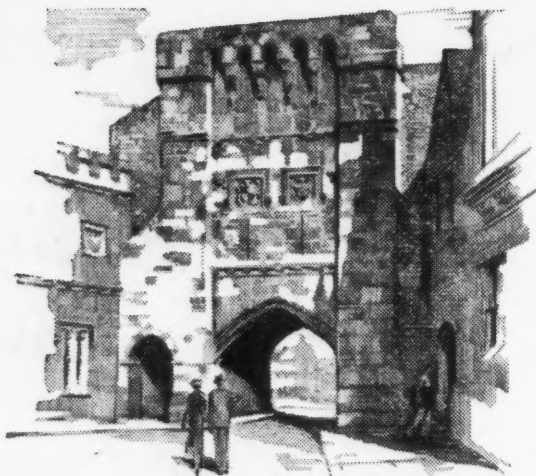
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P 65



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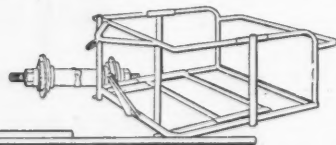
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The fable of the lady and the frog

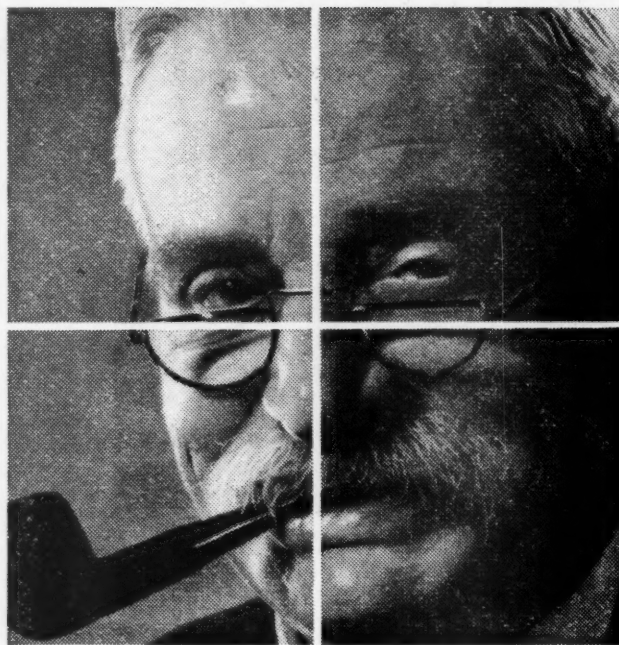
A certain Romantic Maiden, who was reckoned extremely beautiful in a rather old-fashioned way, once found a large Frog in her path, and dropped it a curtsey. "What's that in aid of?" asked the Frog. "Aren't you a prince in disguise?" she enquired, nettled. "No, Ma'am," said he, "I'm a Frog—in a hurry." And he hopped away, muttering under his breath.

Even in this age of hard work and few illusions, there are people who hope for a magical solution to their problems.

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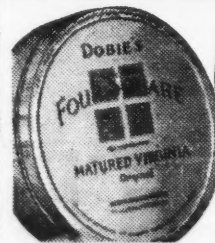


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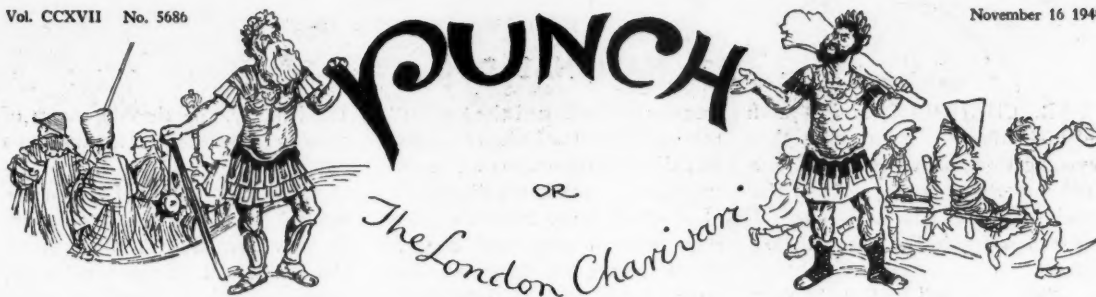
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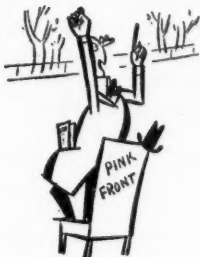
BY DOBIE OF PAISLEY



CHARIVARIA

THE Government is determined to stop people buying food parcels from Ireland. It is expected that everything short of increasing the rations will be tried.

"It is now thought that the groundnuts scheme is nearing the end of its initial capital investment. By 1950-51 the rate of investment will be greatly reduced."—*Daily paper*
They might be raising some groundnuts by then, too.



Organizers of Communist meetings are said to be worried at the shortage of effective speakers. You hear them all over Bloomsbury asking "Have you booked any good Reds lately?"

Vicious Spiral

"A spokesman of the Caterers' Association said: 'I don't think that prices will rise in most cases. There may be some instances where caterers now charging 2s. 3d. and finding it difficult to make a profit will go up to 2s. 3d.'"—*Daily paper*

Applicants for Secret Service work should note that false beards cannot yet be obtained through the National Health Service.

Publication of an astrologer's life-story is announced. The author is said to be very pleased with the favourable notices the reviewers are going to give it.

The banks report a big demand from housewives for silver threepenny-bits for their Christmas puddings. People are finding they work out cheaper than raisins.

"Mr. Lloyd George, patron saint of the Liberal Party, was a very astute gentleman with both ears glued to the ground. Naturally he could not, or did not care to, see far ahead."—*Scottish paper*

It's hardly fair in the circumstances to suggest he did not care to.

Man's mastery of the elements still seems to depend, to a considerable extent, on whether or not the elements agree to it.



A motorized rickshaw, for export to the East, did a test run from John o' Groat's to Land's End. The manufacturers have made a concession to tradition by fitting a kick-starter.

"BRITISH IMMIGRANTS SETTLING IN WELL IN AUSTRALIA."
—*Headline in New Zealand paper*

Still looking for truth?

A woman left her husband because he constantly read thrillers instead of talking to her. She got tired of finding his body slumped forward in the library.



NATIONAL DOG

MR. CHAIRMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am here this evening to speak to you on a new and important development in the field of public administration. I refer of course to the National Dog Board.

You will recall that in the year the war ended the Government set up the Royal Commission on Canine Problems. That Commission, under the chairmanship of Lord Brindle, worked with commendable expedition and its report was published less than seven years later. The Government acted with alacrity and in another seven years the Dog Nationalization Act, 1959, was on the Statute Book.

The imposing new building in Bedlington Square will be familiar to you all. It is there that Lord Brindle, the Board's first chairman, has brought into being his quite remarkable organization. Administratively, it is divided into two divisions—one for General Canine Maintenance and one for Special Agencies.

The first task of the General Maintenance Division was the Canine Census. This was carried through promptly and successfully by the three hundred and four local Dog officers. By "vesting day," six months later, it was possible to

transfer to the Board the legal title to every dog in the United Kingdom. But this great operation was undertaken with a minimum disturbance of the traditional British relationship between man and dog, for every former dog owner was permitted to hire back his dog from the Board. For this privilege he had to pay an annual rental, but at the same time he became entitled to an allowance towards the animal's upkeep.

There had been a great Parliamentary battle over these charges and allowances. One political group wanted a whole tariff of charges; they held that the rental for a pedigree dachshund or a prize Aire-dale should be more than for a mongrel of complex ancestry. They also asked for larger allowances for big dogs, on the grounds that they eat more. The opposite school of thought advocated equality of status for all dogs, and this doctrine eventually prevailed. The annual rental was fixed by the Government Valuer at four pounds seventeen and six per dog. The allowance, after consultation with the Biscuit Commission and Bone Control, the Board assessed at four pounds ten a year. Thus, by the happiest coincidence the net cost of hiring a dog became seven and six per annum, the exact price of the old licence, and no one was put to any additional expense by the new and more logical financial arrangements. As Public Relations Officer to the Board I was much relieved.

The other functions of the General Maintenance Division include registration, inspection and the more difficult task of allocation. Our allocation policy aims at a planned balance between dogs of all varieties in all areas, and an eventual norm of twenty-five dogs per thousand of population. The difficulty is that some localities have dog-surpluses and in consequence we have to discourage the renting of dogs, for instance by allocating particularly ferocious varieties. Elsewhere there are dog-deficiencies and hiring has to be fostered by incentives such as free baskets and collars.

Incidentally, the chronic excess of poodles in Kensington is causing us grave concern.

The work of the Division for Special Agencies is highly technical. It is concerned with what we at the Board call "functional" dogs, categories such as sheep-dogs, police dogs and performing dogs. Some vested interests attempted to "hive off" and escape the jurisdiction of the Act. This was prevented, and in order to make its control effective the Board took over several ancillary organizations. Despite the opposition of the House of Lords, the whole greyhound racing industry passed into our hands. So did fox-hunting, although by appointing each M.F.H. an accredited agent of the Board we have been able to preserve a good deal of local autonomy.

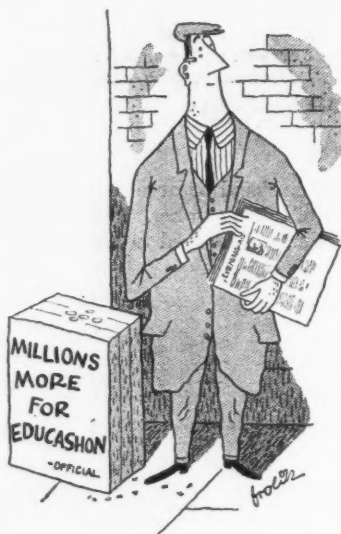
I will not linger over dog food. That is not the Board's responsibility, although we have teams of dogs trained in bone and biscuit tasting which are helping the industry to orientate production in accordance with canine preferences. As to dog health, there is little to be said. Veterinary care was brought within the scope of the National Health Service as long ago as 1955.

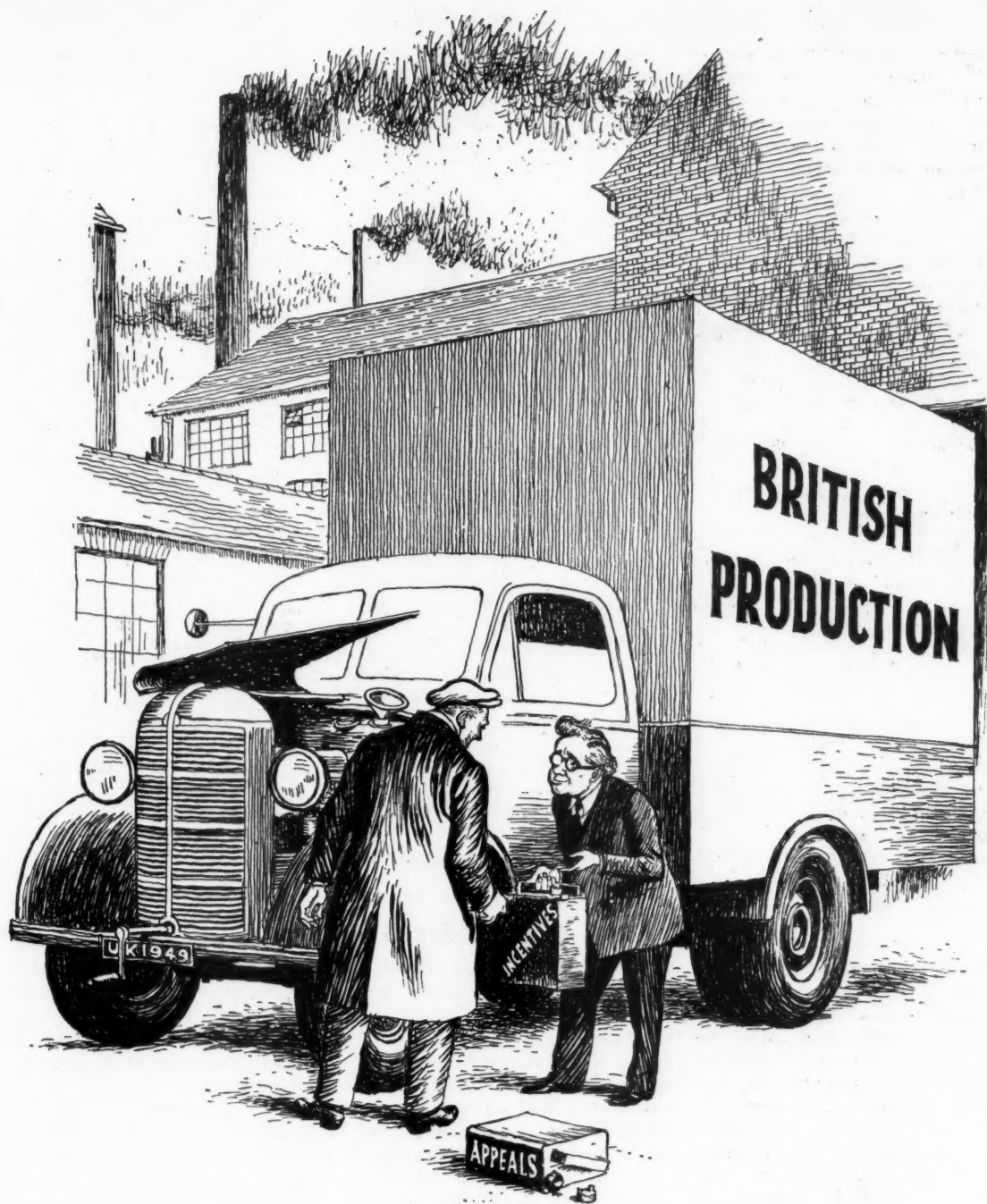
I think you will agree that Lord Brindle and his staff have evolved a remarkable administrative machine. Foreign visitors tell us they have never seen anything like it. Australia is paying us the compliment of copying our methods for kangaroos.

Our one disappointment has been the unappreciative attitude of the dogs themselves. They seem quite unmoved by all that we have done for them. But we have the finest canine psychologists in Europe at work on the problem and we are confident the dogs will soon become more responsive. Indeed, I shall be surprised if, within a year or two, they are not clamouring for a seat on the Board.

§ §

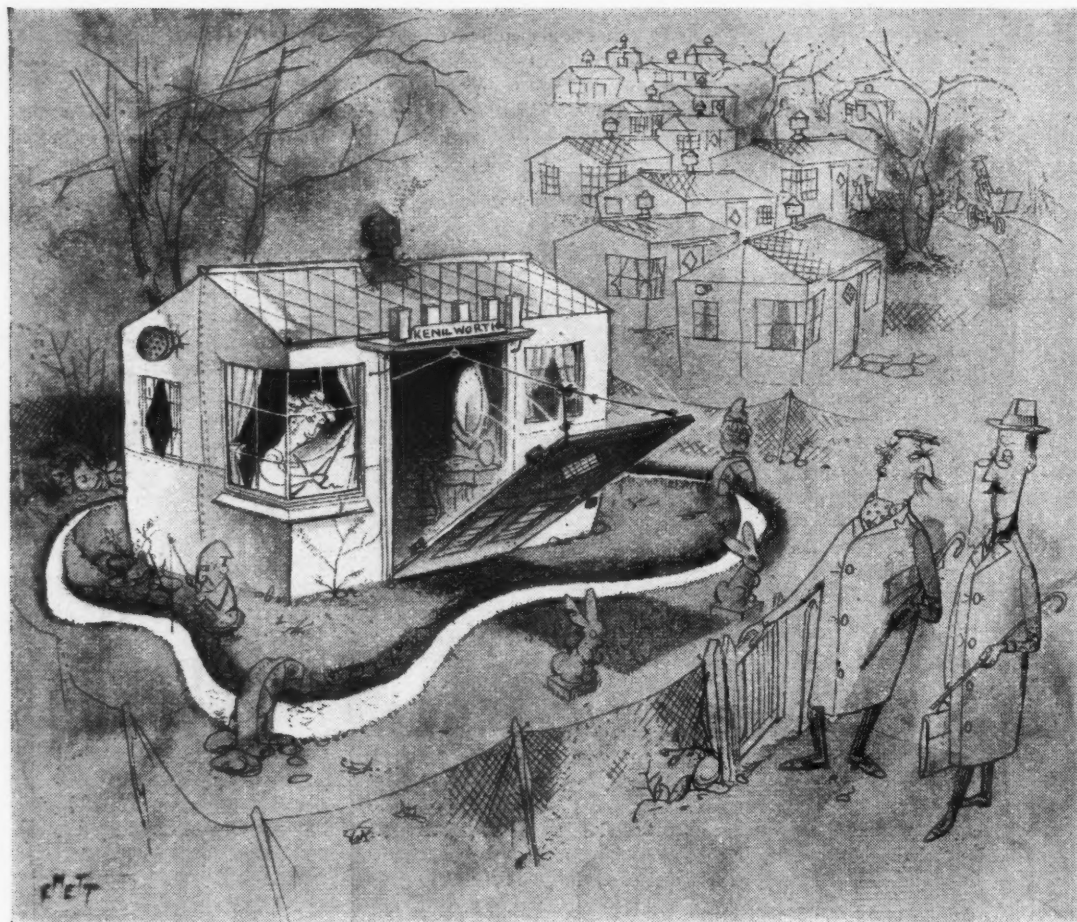
"Women urgently wanted for filling Cushions."—*Advt. in "Reading Standard"*
Only little bits of fluff should apply.





A BETTER SPIRIT

"Here, try some of this instead."



"... and furthermore, I've always maintained that an Englishman's home definitely is his castle."

THE COSMIC MESS

IT would be interesting to know how many of the human race spend all their days stamping other people's passports. It would also be nice to know why so much stamping has to be done. Only last May this column acquired a nice new passport. It is rather a proud passport: for it was the first to be issued by the British Legation at Luxembourg, and it is marked "Luxembourg No. 1". On the first page it says: "These are to request and require in the Name of His Majesty all those whom it may concern to allow the bearer to pass freely without let or hindrance and to afford him or her every assistance and protection of which he or she may stand in need".

Much depends, of course, on what you mean by "passing freely" and by "lets or hindrances".

This column can see no good reason why it should have to keep on producing its passport, unless this column has a suspicious look about it, or there is on the relevant day a hue or cry for some escaping crook. But, if it must be produced and examined, this column's idea of "passing freely" would be something like this:

Official. Have you a passport, Sir?

This Column. Why, yes, I believe I have. Here it is.

Official (takes a swift glance at the striking photograph of this column on

page 3, notes that the passport is still valid, and hands it back at once with a charming bow). Of course. My apologies, sir. A perfect British passport. Pray proceed without let or hindrance.

But what the official does is to take a great stamp and, without a with your leave or a by your leave, deface and defile this column's nice clean passport with some purple and generally illegible message. And round the next corner another official does the same. By what right? This column's passport is this column's property, and it resents all this unsolicited stamping. It puts it into the let and hindrance class. All this stamping makes this

column feel like a receipted bill or a royal swan. If the passport is all right, then it is all right, and how can foreign stampers add anything to its validity and force?

Since the nice clean passport was issued in May this column has been lucky enough to do two brief darts out of the British concentration-camp, and the passport is already a mass of stamps. Luxembourg did pretty well at its birth, for they managed to score eight stamps before it left the Legation. There are four large stamps at the corners of the striking photograph on page 3, two of which trespass rather rudely on this column's face and cannot be much help to those who have to identify the column. Only one word is distinguishable in these four stamps and that is "Consular". There is nothing whatever to show what Consulate is meant: it might just as well be the Consulate at Tibet or Trieste. Indeed, the four smudges are so meaningless that any bright official might be forgiven for suspecting that the photograph was a fake—especially as three of the other stamps are beautifully clear.

This column's last brief dart from the concentration-camp (eight days) took it by train and ship to Copenhagen, by train through Germany (B.Z.) to the Hook, and so home to Harwich. During this voyage the passport was stamped, defaced, insulted nine times—nine lets and hindrances. This column especially resents being stamped two or three times in the same place. It took the train about eight hours to pass out of Denmark, through the British Zone of Germany and into Holland. During this time this column never left the train, and gave no trouble at all: yet it scored six stamps. At the Dutch frontier it sat in a station for an hour while they played the stamp game. A polite official came to the compartment and asked for the passport. He examined it suspiciously and gave it to a second man who stamped it (an oblong stamp) and returned it. They went away. "That is that", this column thought, and put the

passport in its pocket. Two minutes later another official, in exactly the same uniform, wanted to see the passport. He stamped it too, a larger rectangle. Soon a fourth man came and scored a small round stamp, overlapping No. 2. This column would like to tell you the name of the frontier town: but none of the stamps assists at all. On No. 1 the only legible details are the date "1 Nov. 949" ("Sic"—as they say) and "Germany B.Z." On the large No. 2 are a faint "Old," a faint "in," and something that might be "Oolderen" in a corner. In the central plain the stamp is completely barren. Not even a date. On No. 3 a faint "Old" can be read again. That, no doubt, refers to this column. There is no Oolderen in the Times Atlas, so this column has no idea where it was, unless Old is short for Oldenzaahl. One of this horde of officials (No. 3) came back soon and wrote in pencil in the wide open spaces of Stamp 2 "X 1/11 ug". So someone may have told him about his stamp. But pencil records are no better than inefficient stamps. This column rubbed out the 1/11 and wrote in ink 3/10. Nobody has protested yet; and nobody had better. It is this column's passport and nobody else's. Then the Customs man came, and after that was peace.

One of the sheepish citizens who are too numerous in this island said to this column: "Oh, well, what does it matter? And, anyhow, all this stamping acts as a sort of diary." This column is quite capable of keeping its own diary. The dates, at least, are clearly printed, and this column has a fountain-pen. The question is not "What does it matter?" but "What is it all for?" And what is the British passport for, if no foreigner will accept it as it stands? Does all this stamping prevent the Stanleys of this world from going where they will?

By the way, on the day this column did its dart to Luxembourg it discovered with dismay that its passport had expired a week earlier. It was Sunday morning and nothing could be done. But a very kind gentleman at the Foreign Office

provided a letter of explanation and a recommendation to mercy. On the journey from Ostend to Luxembourg three people in uniform wanted to look at the passport. When the first one came, this column thought: "Shall it produce the letter and start a long story in a foreign language? Better not. There will be misunderstandings and perhaps an arrest". So it kept quiet and watched the official solemnly and suspiciously examine the passport. But he never noticed that the thing was quite invalid. Nor did the other two.

On the eighth and last stamp, acquired on leaving the Hook of Holland, the word "Goederen" is pretty clear in a corner. A sister-ship, no doubt, to Oolderen in No. 2.

At Harwich they politely glanced at the passport: but no one, this column is glad to report, stamped it. It is nice to find someone who takes His Majesty's word for it—and has nothing to add.

A. P. H.

Bowdlers at Work?

"BOCCACCIO.—The Decameron, trans. J. M. Rigg, photogravure plates on Jap. vellum by Louis Chalon, 2 vols., 8vo, white buckram gilt, cover somewhat soiled, clean within."—Book catalogue





A DAY AT THE OFFICE

IT is a shattering experience to be switched with the speed of a double-decker bus from the timeless serenity of the *Punch* Office into the bustle and drive of the Business Efficiency Exhibition at Olympia. *Shattering*. The Bouverie Street premises (I refer of course to the editorial department only) are equipped to my certain knowledge with a pot of glue, an interesting collection of paper-fasteners and a pencil tethered to the desk by a length of string. Dictating machines and microfilming appliances are unknown: if an executive (*Ha!*) is unable to locate the pencil and yet remains unshaken in his determination to write to a client, his usual course is to dictate the message to a live secretary. He may, possibly, pay lip-service to Science by shouting his instructions through a door left slightly ajar, but this device is used sparingly, and anyway could hardly be confused with a real dictating machine.

It is the same with the filing system. Instead of an efficient suspension cabinet there is a tendency to use the drawers of the desk, or, rather, the apertures which the drawers used to occupy. Most of the filing, however, is done into a large wickerwork hamper which is emptied several times a day. At Olympia there is a machine that opens five hundred letters a minute ("twenty-five times faster than by hand") without damaging the contents in any way: at Bouverie Street envelopes are opened warily, one at a time, with an ordinary paper-knife. And the implement is kept permanently blunt in case of accident: you never know when some

executive or other will slump forward carelessly across the desk . . .

But enough of the *Punch* Office for the moment. Let us consider offices in general. It has always been a puzzle to me that there are not more offices in Britain. The country and its climate are ideal for them. They do well here. Office work is clean and pleasantly sedentary, far more genial, I should have thought, than employment in industry. Yet the amount of capital invested in new offices is ludicrously small when compared with that going into new factories, foundries, mines and farms. This Government is certainly doing its best to improve the position, but offices will never be really numerous until private enterprise lends a hand.

It may well be that Britain's whole future lies in office work. For all our efforts in recent years to step up industrial efficiency, we are still lamentably weak compared with the Americans. Our output per man-hour is low and we are deficient, it seems, in know-how. Has it occurred to you, I wonder, that we may be *temperamentally unfitted* for manual labour and industrial production? If my assumption is correct we are wasting precious time, we ought to be switching over now to the jobs we *can* do. After all, we have survived similar great changes

in the past. Once, Britain was an agricultural country trading its wheat and wool for silks and wines. Then we became an industrial country, the workshop of the world. And to-day, if we really set our hearts on it we could become a great bureaucracy. There is nothing to stop us.

The exhibition at Olympia offers convincing proof of our native genius for office work. For example:

There is a new office chair which adjusts itself automatically as the occupant moves. "Its effect is to tone up the muscles the whole time . . . the more you fidget the more exercise you get." I tried this good-looking contrivance and found it extremely comfortable. Two minutes of systematic fidgeting in it and I decided that I didn't really need that round of golf.

There is the lightest portable typewriter in the world, a handsome machine which tips the scales at eight and three-quarter pounds.

There is a punch-card accounting machine, a "mechanical brain" of reputed infallibility. I examined this monster very closely and swear that it breathed down my neck.

There is a dictating machine that records both sides of a telephone conversation. No "Half a jiffy while I get a pencil" nonsense about this gadget. And you don't need to listen to bad news until you're ready for it and fortified by a stimulant or two.

There is an eight-day night-watchman's clock which records his movements—"Employers can thus brief their watchmen as to changes they want made in their routine to ensure that potential thieves do not avail themselves of knowledge of the watchmen's movements."

There are inkless duplicators, coders, microfilming appliances, electric typewriters, franking machines, pencil sharpeners . . .

A few things I missed. I saw none of those bits of frayed carpet with which elderly clerks insulate their seats. I found no filing cabinet equipped with a special compartment for soap and towel. I discovered no real improvement in the arrangements for tea. For instance, none of our office equipment people seems to have hit upon the idea of a pencil that stirs efficiently. It should be easy enough, surely, to devise a pencil slightly spatulate at one end. And in these days, when saucers are so scarce, really stout blotters would be welcome too. I don't mean blotters to put *under* the cups: I mean on top, of course.

Certain definite trends in office equipment are discernible at Olympia. The tall stools on which so many of Dickens's characters toiled at their ledgers are giving way to lower and lower, colourfully upholstered, self-adjusting easy-chairs. And all office fixtures and fittings are losing height to match. Sooner or later there must be a stop to this remarkable collapse which, though economical in materials, converts the

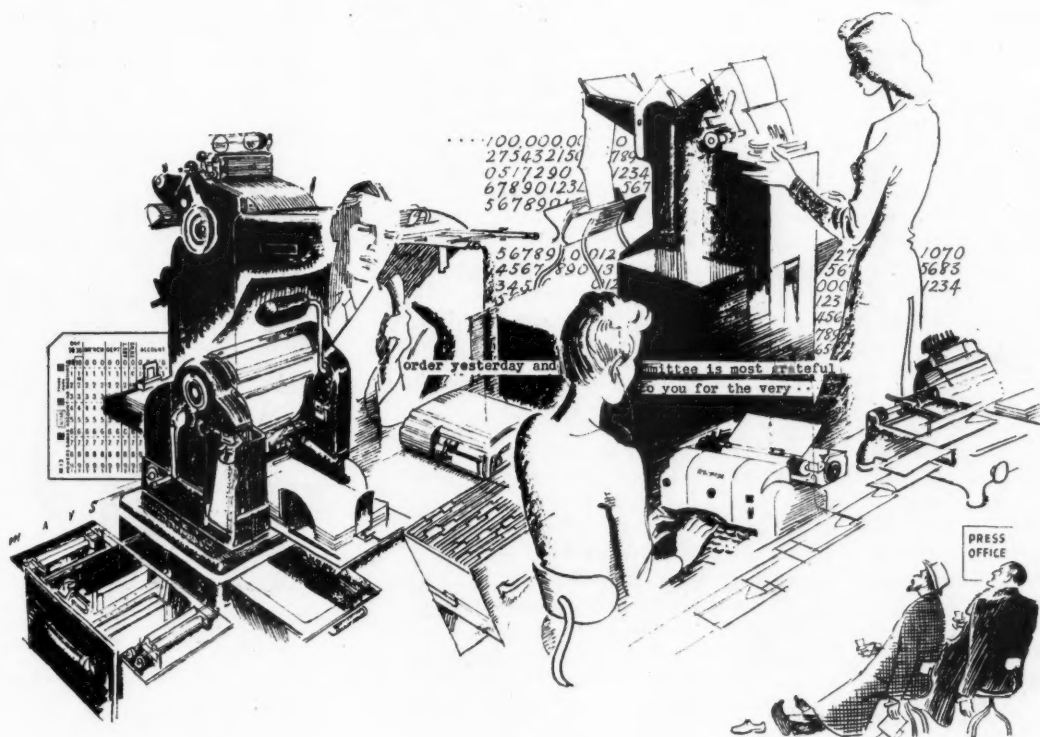
modern office into a passable imitation of a seraglio. In a way I am sorry to see the last of the old Dickensian stool, which nobody to my knowledge has yet explained satisfactorily. Were its dimensions determined by the height of the desk; by a proprietor eager to keep his slaves up there to scratch, and to send them crashing should they attempt forty winks on the sly; by the prevalence of draughts and damp at floor-level; or merely by the excessive enthusiasm of a school of wood-turners?

Another trend is towards gay colouring. Not so long ago offices were funeral parlours dressed in black and clerical grey—black ink, black typewriters, black jackets and ties, black japanned boxes, black safes, black leather-topped desks, black telephones, black-lead, black books and looks. Then (was it during World War One?) women broke through into the inky citadel brandishing their cosmetics, and today under their influence even the banks and insurance houses are beginning to go gay. Office efficiency is now in glorious Technicolor.

This exhibition will remain open until November 19th, and is very well worth seeing. Remember, please, that we may quite soon now become a nation of bureaucrats, a nation of black-coated workers tapping out our destiny in hundreds of thousands of mechanized offices—except, of course, that there'll be no *black* coats. So to examine these exhibits is to glimpse the future, *your* future, and the playthings you will inherit.

As for me—ever since I was given my first three-layer pencil box and my first razor-blade pencil-sharpener I have been a sucker for any kind of office equipment. For years I have owned a mechanical stapler which I use even when my letters consist of a single sheet of paper, and even though the practice causes much annoyance to my correspondents. That shows how keen I am. Why, even a humble pot of glue, an assortment of paper-fasteners and a pencil tethered to the desk by a length of string can stir in me the old longing . . .

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



AT THE PICTURES

The Search—Everybody Does It

THERE are certain pictures, and *The Search* (Director: FRED ZINNEMANN) may be one, that lose more than they gain from universal



Stormy Orphan

Karel Malik—IVAN JANDL
Ralph Stevenson—MONTGOMERY CLIFT

good opinions. Nobody says an unfavourable word about them; but any given moviegoer in quest of an evening's entertainment is likely to pass them over, with a stifled sense of guilt, in favour of something he believes will be easier to take. "Oh, I'm sure it's good, but—" he says, or "Oh, they say it's wonderful, but—well—I don't feel up to that sort of thing." I wish I could convince this excellent person that about *The Search*, at least, he need not worry. Certainly it's intelligent and well done, and about a big and serious subject, but even the feather-headed should find it as continuously pleasurable as the most trivial *Lowbrow's Delight*, and—this is an important point—they will feel a genuine satisfaction afterwards instead of a let-down: the piece has been in a positive

sense worth seeing, they haven't merely killed the time. Some critics have suggested that this is what is often called a weepie; I wouldn't say it's even that. It has profoundly moving moments; as is to be expected from the subject, but I think they arise naturally, without forcing, over-emphasis or sentimentality. The story is basically very simple: a mother's search for her young son. What makes it a "big and serious subject" is the size of the problem of which this search is a part, for he is lost among the thousands of homeless children in the ruins of post-war Germany. The boy himself is played with very striking ability by a Czech child named IVAN JANDL; the American members of UNRRA who overcome his suspicion and fear are well and sensitively sketched by experienced Hollywood people—MONTGOMERY CLIFT, ALINE MACMAHON and WENDELL COREY; the direction and photography have imagination and skill without any unsuitable trickiness or slickness. It's a good film.

For simple, thoughtless enjoyment and uninhibited laughter you should pick *Everybody Does It* (Director: EDMUND GOULDING). I have seen this described as a "spoof of grand opera," but that is to take it at the lowest valuation and regard the obvious climax—which is the old slapstick cliché of the blundering intruder in the solemn stage performance—as the most

important part. The story is really concerned with the much more subtle and comic situation of a "socialite" wife, without much of a voice, who wants to be a singer, and a solid boneheaded husband "from the wrong side of the tracks," who is discovered—by a beautiful operatic soprano—to be a "great American baritone." It is worked out with a great deal of excellent funny dialogue. The script abounds in pleasing touches—notice the wordless little sequence of alternate rising scales by the two rehearsing singers which is finally topped off by a telephone-bell. Nobody could pretend this film is important, but for sheer momentary enjoyment it would be hard to beat.

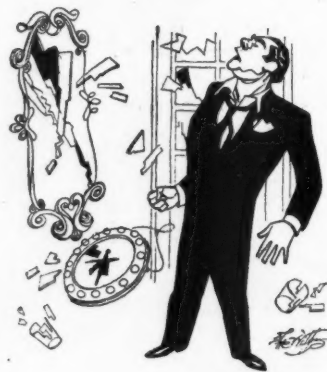
* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A third good one among the London shows is *Home of the Brave*, a war story (reconnaissance party on Pacific Island) that is also a study of anti-Negro feeling: exciting, well-acted, with first-rate convincing dialogue.

Releases: *You Can't Sleep Here* (28/9/49), which has much very good fun and good comedy acting before it reaches its rather crude music-hall climax; *Red, Hot and Blue* (2/11/49), the usual sort of Betty Hutton riot, noisy and funny; and *The Secret Garden* (12/10/49), the Frances Hodgson Burnett book filmed with remarkable atmospheric success. RICHARD MALLETT

*Everybody Does It*

Demolition and Harmony, Inc.
Leonard Borland—PAUL DOUGLAS



"What on earth makes you think you won't like it?"

BAKERLOO GIRL

IT is not a disgrace, don't think it a disgrace,
To put a thousand pins in your hair and do your
face,

Belovèd mine;
Untreated faces shine as the stars shine,
Unpowdered noses
Red as the red, red roses,
Unpainted lips
Pale flowers where no bee sips.

There was a maiden I saw indeed with the lank brown
hair
Sitting in the Tube like a brown Bakerloo bear,
Belovèd one,
I'll swear it was really hair, but it was not Done,
It was like the mane
Of the wild horse galloping on the Scythian
plain,
Or a tousled mop
Brandished by dank girl in a dank shop.

Legs she had, I am sure she had legs, I repeat,
But they disappeared into boots like elephants' feet,
Belovèd child;

She stamped like the elephants in the African wild,
Stumbled, poor soul,
Like Peary nearing the Pole.
In from the sunny town
She came, and shuffled into the Tube, and so sat down.

And coat she wore, surely, she had a coat,
Brown and woolly and buttoned up to the throat,
Belovèd star,
Coat of all woolly coats that ever were and are;
And was she pretty?
This I could never tell, and that's a pity;
Her face, I know,
Was shrouded by hair from above and wool from below.

And in between, from the undergrowth and the tangle,
Her eyes peered out like glow-worms caught in a mangle,
Belovèd one,
And other of shape or feature caught I none;
If she had beauty
She shielded it from the world, as a moral duty.
If she had not,
Was she trying to save our feelings, or what?

R. P. LISTER

MICE IN THE ORANGERY

NOVEMBER is the loathliest month in our garden.

Now that most of the nonsense has been brushed up, lopped off and piled in a wet heap that will not burn, now that most of the so-called soil has been dug out, tossed over to the air, and put back with a nice sandwich of manure, we may sit back on our heels for a while and consider what ought to be done about some of the little pests that picnicked on the stately parterre during the summer of 1949.

A writer in this paper dealt very eloquently with the whole horrid business some time ago and seemed to be on the herbaceous border of despair. Let him take heart. The wisdom of our ancestors settled the matter at least a hundred years ago. Consider some of the methods used by Mr. J. C. Loudon (probably the most voluminous writer on gardening who ever lived) to de-insectivate and erodentify the flower-beds, the fruit trees and the large conservatories which he loved so well.

Writing in *The Suburban Gardener and Villa Companion* (1838) of what he chooses to call

A SECOND RATE LONDON GARDEN

he says: "Next to the grouping on the lawn, and the select collection in the green-houses and stoves, the points worthy of imitation in Mrs. Lawrence's management are, high order and keeping which pervade every part of her residence, from the most obscure recesses of the offices, to the most brilliant scenes on the lawn. This is effected, also, by a smaller number of gardeners than might be expected; the number kept in the summer time being six, with one or two women for collecting insects and dead leaves, and during winter three."

But Mr. Loudon is far from relying on human aid alone to discourage the unwelcome intruders. He does not even depend on the long, gleaming line of garden gods and goddesses which, to judge by the pictures, adorn Mrs. Lawrence's Italian walk and lead up to the pillared portico of her vinery. It is

to four-footed and feathered, even to creeping and hopping, allies that he turns for additional help. *The Suburban Gardener and Villa Companion* is a work of seven hundred and fifty-two pages (say three hundred thousand words), excluding the advertisements, in which Mr. Loudon offers his personal advice and superintendence at a fee of five guineas a day. *The Suburban Horticulturist*; or *An Attempt to Teach the Science and Practice of the Culture and Management of the Kitchen, Fruit and Forcing Garden to Those Who Have no Previous Knowledge* is only (including the title) seven hundred and twenty pages long; but includes three or four invaluable paragraphs dealing with birds and animals designed by nature to cluster round the student and help him in his toil.

"The white owl or Barn owl is one of the most valuable birds, because it feeds principally on mice, snails and slugs . . . A picturesque tower might be formed in some retired situation in the flower-garden or shrubbery, or on one of the angles of the kitchen wall, like a watch tower, where it would prove ornamental."

It will be well therefore for our despondent gardener to have one or two white owls. But not owls alone.

"The common gull is an inhabitant of the sea-coast but frequents inland districts during the winter months, where it feeds upon worms, snails and small fish."

Let our colleague procure immediately a few common gulls. But let him not think that his task is yet done.

"The stork which sometimes appears in Suffolk lives on reptiles, insects and small quadrupeds, and might be usefully domiciliated in gardens; as might the crane . . ."

Where Suffolk leads let London follow. But Mr. Loudon is not yet content. After a few kind words in favour of the hedgehog and the toad he calls our attention to

THE WEASEL

"Neither does the use of certain quadrupeds such as the weasel

appear to have been understood in gardens by gardeners of the past generation. In the present day, however, this branch of garden management, like every other, has been subjected to scientific inquiry."

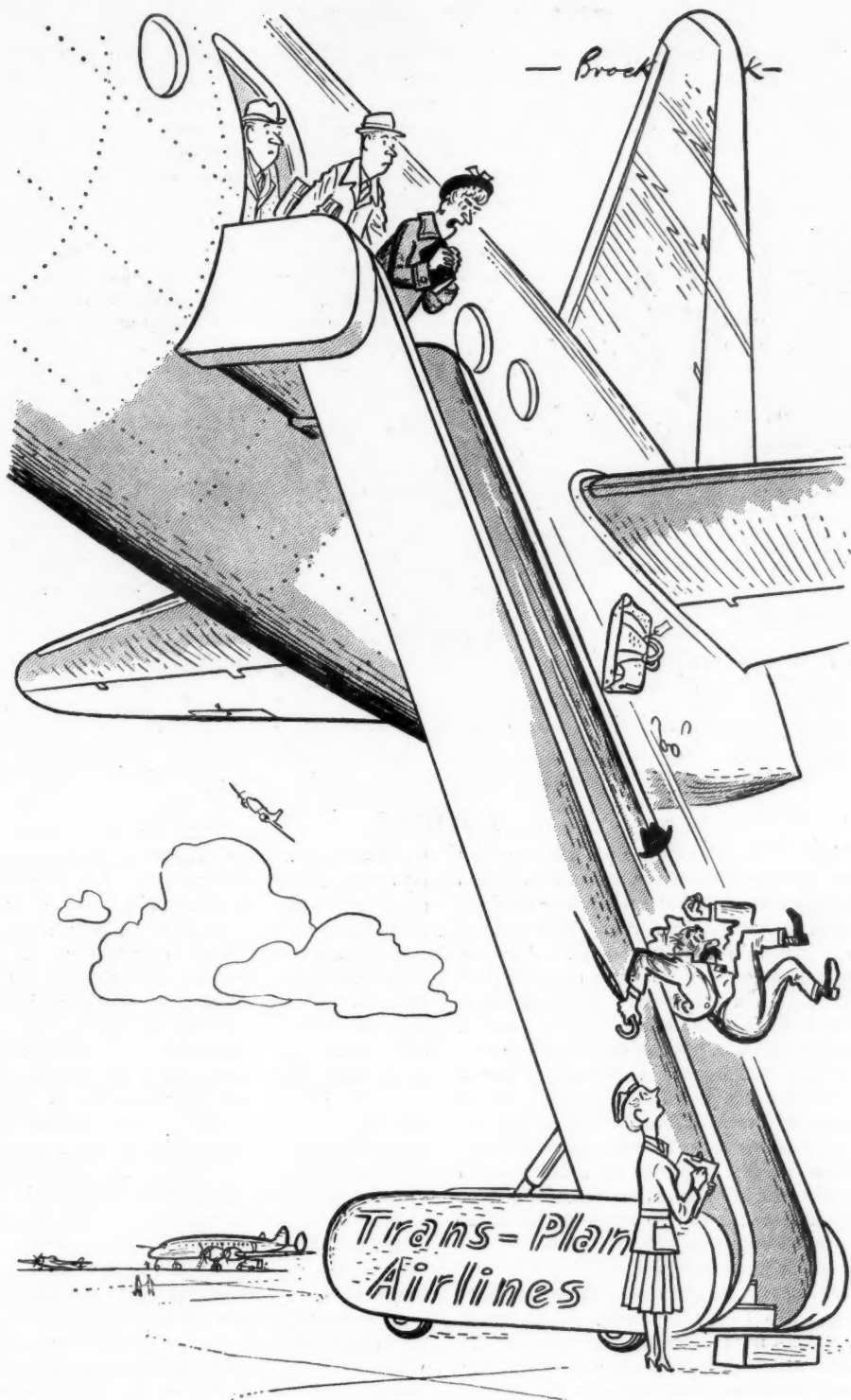
Clearly Mr. Loudon was fascinated by this lively department of research, for he returns to it some twenty-five pages later, quoting in his support that great but eccentric man, Mr. Charles Waterton.

"But of all people in the land our gardeners have most reason to protect the weasel. They have not one single word of complaint against it, not even for disturbing the soil of the flower-beds. Having no game to encourage or fowls to fatten, they may safely say to it 'Come hither, little benefactor, and take up thy abode among us, we will give shelter to thy young ones, and protection to thyself, and we shall be always glad to see thee.'"

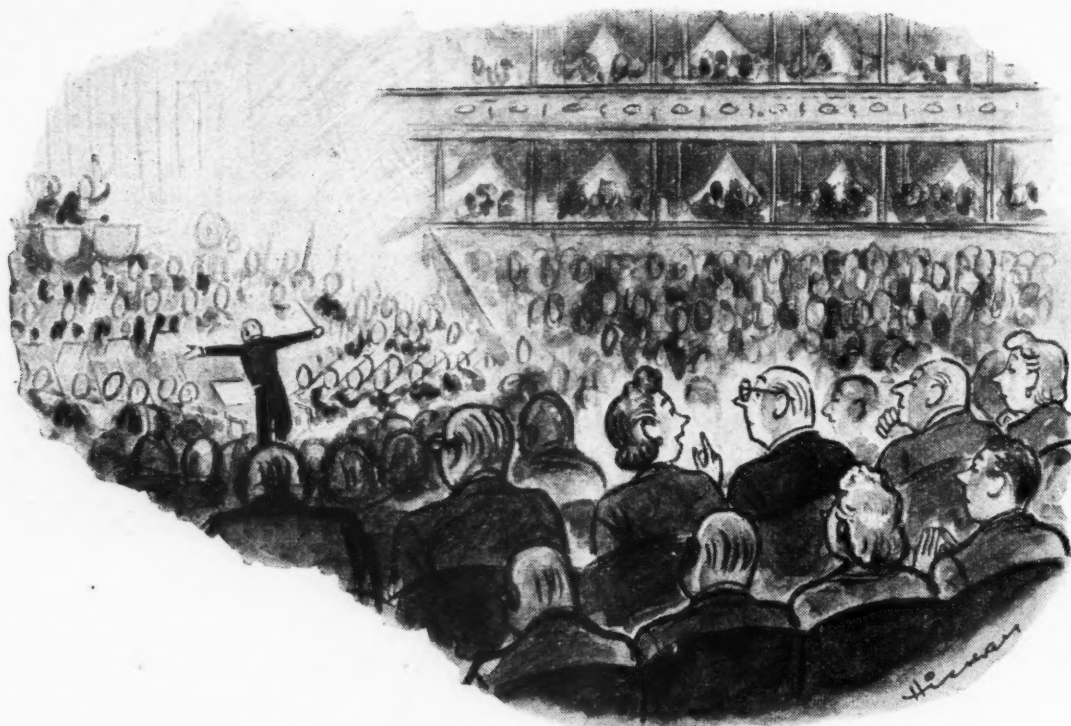
True enough, no doubt, but how many a suburban garden have we passed in these decadent days, without even hearing an echo of those kindly words. It is not as though there were any difficulty about nurturing the weasel.

"Ordinary and of little cost are the apartments required for it. A cartload of rough stones, or of damaged bricks, heaped up in some sequestered corner, free from dogs, will be all that it wants for a safe retreat and a pleasant dwelling."

Only a little organization, we would add, on the part of our young suburban gardener is needed to house one and all of these friendly co-operators in his daily toil. The owlery, we think, should not be too near the weaselry, and the cranery should be set in a different portion of the pleasure from the apartments of the toad. If there be in our garden, as there appears to have been in Mrs. Lawrence's, a marble statue of Diana shrinking from the gaze of Actæon, it is there perhaps that our little reptilian comrade may find his happiest harbourage; and the third woman employed in the winter might be induced to take the whole of our little menagerie under her gentle wing. EVOE



"There you are, Henry—I knew something awful would happen."



"Listen! This is the bit that always makes our wireless crackle."

AUTUMN

AUTUMN, like all the other seasons, is not very easy to define. It may begin at the end of July, when the smallest let-up in the weather starts people thinking of those theoretical tweed clothes which this year they really mean to put into practice; but that does not mean that it will necessarily be there on its official starting-date. This is not very easy to define either, but it comes a little after the bill for the rent, and a little before the people who haven't paid it realize that any time now they will be more than morally in the wrong. As for the day autumn officially ends, this is purely academic, or fussy. Winter is when people can see themselves breathing, when they get up in the dark, draw the curtains for tea, take the bicycle-lamp out to the log-shed and warm their hands on their boiled eggs; and the fact that all this can be happening in what even the public knows to be still the autumn shows what a mix-up the whole business is.

Autumn is, however, an extremely definite department of life, and I have only to mention falling leaves and mists to remind my readers what culture owes to it. Poets have written about the falling of autumn leaves ever since the first school magazine was printed—another indefinable date, but probably soon after Caxton—and it might be thought that there was nothing left to say about them, except to point out that

the standard literary picture of reddish-gold, down-fluttering objects is not quite like life. A lot of autumn leaves just come off in the rain. Rain is as much a part of autumn as it is of spring, summer and winter, and in the autumn it is often the blowing, rattling kind which the public thinks has something to do with the equinox, a word pronounced easily enough in two ways but not always made into the right adjective. The mists of autumn are of course peculiar to the season. They begin by being a mere superimposition on a summer morning and end as downright fog. In the evening a quite early autumn mist can suggest winter very effectively to people walking past lit shops. It is altogether typical of the autumn set-up that this is the sort of evening when people—the same people—also find themselves imagining that it is spring. This brings me to that section of the public which thinks autumn, not spring, the best time of year; a section which comes as near as is possible with human nature to wondering if it is on the right side of the argument.

I should not do justice to the autumn, particularly to November, if I did not say something about Brussels sprouts. In this month these tiny cabbages come into their own; they are noted not only for the time it takes to whittle them down for cooking but also for the fact that frost does them good. It is safe to say that no

one has ever bought the first few batches of the season's sprouts without at least meaning to mention this to the greengrocer. Sprouts and their public get on well together; the sprouts reward those who cook them properly by turning the brightest imaginable green, while the public, when the conversation turns to winter vegetables—and this is just the sort of thing conversation does turn to, whatever the cleverer novelists would have us believe—will always put in a keen word for sprouts, going so far as to say you never get tired of them. This makes sprouts the opposite of turnips, which do badly in conversation, their strongest supporters being the people who cook for the non-supporters.

Mention of frosts leads me to the hot-water bottles that hang upside down on the bathroom door for most of even an average summer. Their winter season begins, at least mentally, when the wireless says that there may be a frost and people tell other people that they will need their hot-water bottles to-night. This is a kind suggestion implying the offer of a fill-up from a kettle already boiled, but it tends not to be accepted; often because the other people belong to that tough category which hates hot-water bottles and is so little understood by the other category. Much has been written about the sheer luxury of hot-water bottles, but little about those plush jumpers, buttoning on the shoulders and quite unswayed by the fashion world, which their owners provide for them.

Finally, autumn means the return of long dark evenings and of fireside life; which, apart from its opportunities for reading the second volume of *Tom Jones*, knitting great lumber-jackets and writing whole books, gives people the chance of putting their arm-chairs back where they look happiest.

ANDE



"Darling, I don't need the lamp
QUITE so near my chair."

MISPLACED PERSON

WHEN clammy macks hang down from racks
And carriage-windows stream with rain
And through the ooze returning shoes
Sink down some dark and miry lane,
Beneath the drenched commuter's hat
Steal visions of a London flat.

But when the green of April's seen
And nights grow short through flowering May
And the high sun, though work is done,
For country sport renews the day,
He'd hate his flat, nor stay content
To be a Kensingtonian gent.

And when the blaze of Sunday shines
On porch and basement, cracked with thirst,
And area smells recall the lines
Of Bloomsbury bards at quite their worst,
He'd pine for that lost garden-close,
The lawn, the chestnut and the rose.

Per contra, when the theatre ends
And band and supper-time draw near,
How sadly he'll forsake his friends
And pace the platform, blank and drear,
And nod away the fumes of wine
As clanks the last train down the line.

So, as the seasons change in turn,
His heart must ever lack content
And, tied to Tring, for Chelsea yearn,
Or, housed in Knightsbridge, long for Kent;
And, daily doomed to City toil,
Love now the streets and now the soil.



TOM'S CLOSE

NOBODY knows when Tom ploughed it, nobody knows when Tom drilled it, nor which son got it when Tom willed it. We don't know when Tom came—we don't know Tom's other name.

The wood lies westward, blocks the sun—the beck gets choked and will not run—the pheasants come with crawks and whistles—and half an acre's always thistles. The park's next door and deer leap out whenever we have corn about. I'll wager no one's made it pay since years ago, in Tom's day.

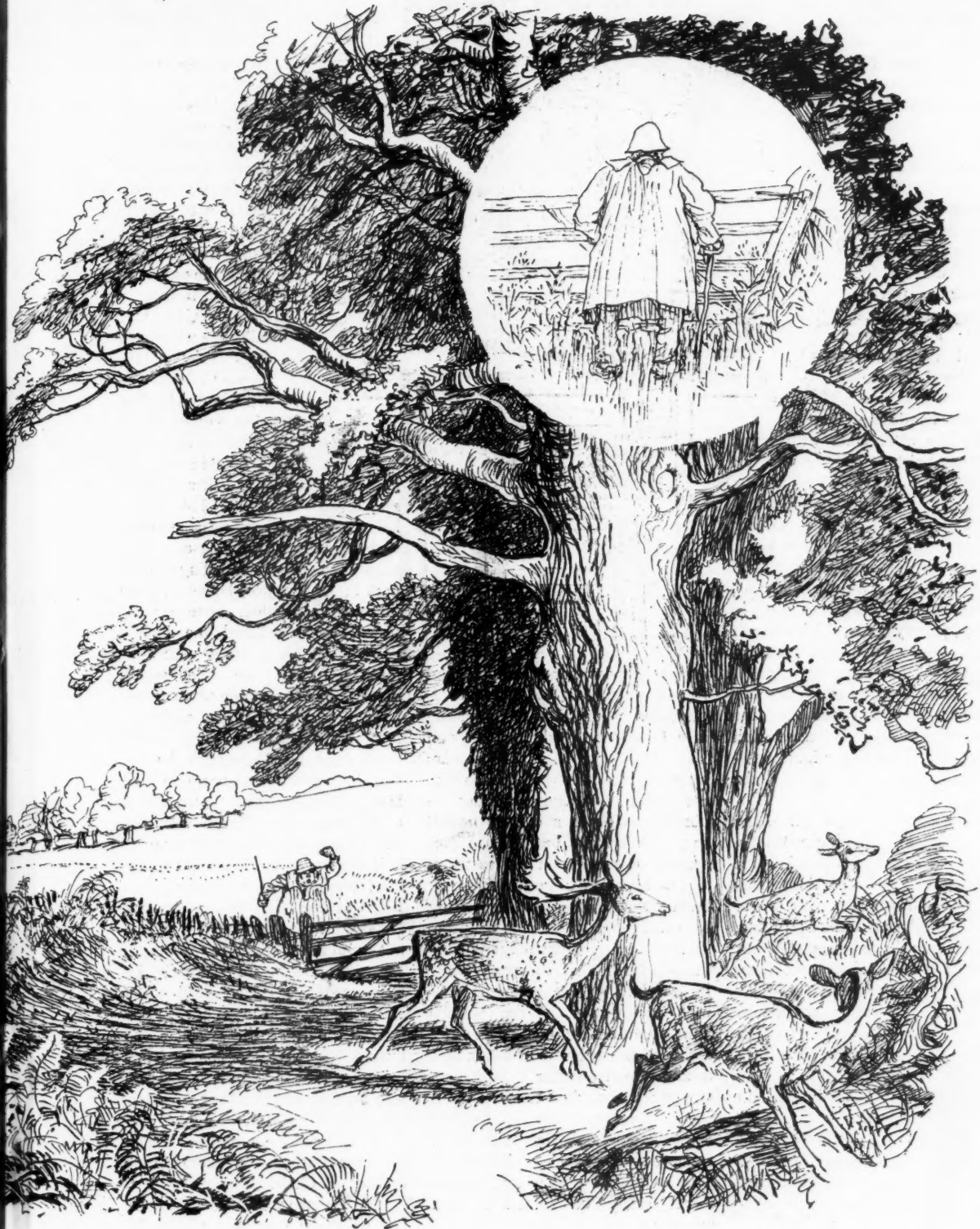
And who was Tom? I like to think he smoked a pipe and had a drink in any inn—the bar or tap—and drove to market in his trap. I like to think that Tom would know how to plough it—what to sow.

I'll bet that oak tree by the gate has often said "I'd better wait till Tom comes back to give a hand and show you how to farm your land!"

JESSE BAGGALEY



His Mark.



UNDER the high, gilded ceiling of the sale room at Spencer House Sir Alec Martin is selling pictures at about two a minute. It is what he would call a bread-and-cheese sale, and Sir Alec is happier when he is selling cake. A pair of giant landscapes by Albano go for ten guineas, thirty-two square feet of paint; a smoke-blotted impression of A Naval Engagement fetches five. It has a handsome frame.

As the attendants with bored efficiency hoist up one picture after another I amuse myself by guessing, in my untutored way, how the bidding will go: this undistinguished-looking portrait of a horse by J. Ferneley, for instance, I dismiss at a possible five guineas; Sir Alec, scarcely giving it a glance, says in his dry, papery voice, "A hundred? Thank you. Ten-twenty-thirty-forty-fifty? Sixty-seventy-eighty? . . ." It is knocked down for two hundred and eighty guineas. Its successor, I see, is catalogued "Constable," a water-colour drawing, tiny, but no doubt precious, and I guess a hundred and fifty. "Two guineas?" says Sir Alec. "Two guineas!" The hammer falls, the treasure is removed, and I decide that there is more in this than meets the eye. (I learn later that if the catalogue had said "John Constable, R.A.," it might have been a different story. It is not Christie's province,

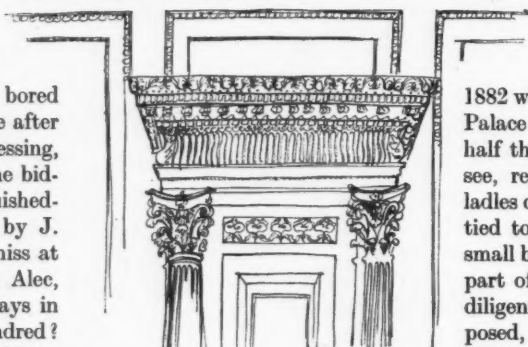
except in their other capacity as valuers, to undeceive their clients: the dealers will do that.)

There is no need to fear that by involuntarily twitching an eyelid at a Christie's sale you will find yourself the



THE GOLDEN HAMMER

Christie's Auction Rooms



astounded possessor of a Samarkand rug or a Portrait of the Rev. J. Chandler when a Boy, standing in a Landscape holding a Bat and Ball: it is true that the regulars communicate their wishes to the auctioneer by signs ranging in obscurity from a dilated nostril to pure telepathy, but the stranger, spotted at once from the rostrum, will be expected to go in for broad, ungainly gestures—such as raising his catalogue a whole inch or (practically unheard of) actually speaking his bid aloud. The bidding advances in standard steps, getting steeper with each flight; at ten pounds your fluttered catalogue will only make it eleven, but over a hundred it may mean another ten or even twenty; I imagine that when a small Romney portrait fetched £60,000 one day in 1928 head tremors were going for about £500 a time. A dealer with a slight twitch might easily be ruined in ten minutes.

I have been to Christie's before—yesterday, to be exact, when I

attended a sale of old English silver despite a warning that there would be "nothing of interest" (bread-and-cheese again, on a silver platter). A firm associated for nearly two hundred years with everything and everybody worth knowing in the worlds of art and fashion, a firm which was sulky when the forty days' sale of the Stowe Collection in 1848 only fetched

£77,000, but perked up in 1882 when the contents of Hamilton Palace realized £397,000 in less than half the time—such a firm, I quite see, regards a pair of 1745 sauce ladles or thirty-six silver soup plates tied together with string as rather small beer. Any such feelings on the part of Mr. Chance, however, were diligently concealed. Spruce, composed, starch-collared, he looked down from his rostrum with that faint air of surprise which serves him dually as a delicate comment on both low bids and high; so might the first James Christie have looked down upon his distinguished auditory in his first sale room in Pall Mall; a Dighton print shows him in a fine blue coat, a froth of lace at throat and cuff, blandly tapping away half the wonders of Europe under his ivory hammer. "Will not the lady do me the honour to say £5,000?" he asks. But things are not quite the same. The rostrum of the print, made for Christie by Chippendale, perished with other treasures when the famous King Street premises were bombed and burned in 1941, and the ivory hammer was so affected when its safe became an oven that it is now too fragile to use. Again, the Dighton print was entitled "The Specious Orator"—but there is little oratory at Christie's now.

Mr. Chance went into no rhetorical fireworks over Lot Sixty, for example; the "circular waiter on hoofed feet with shaped moulded



rim" had been two days on view, and those who wanted it would bid, the rest would not; oratory would have been irrelevant. "Lot Sixty," announced Mr. Chance in a light, clear voice, taking a cachou from the silver box at his elbow—"Five pounds? Thank you. Six-seven-eight-nine?" His eyebrows issued a barely perceptible challenge. "Nine." The hammer fell. Mr. Smith, the snow-haired sales clerk, made a note. The baize-aproned attendant removed the waiter on a baize-covered tray. The dealers sat unmoved at the baize-covered tables. "Lot Sixty-one," said Mr. Chance without pause, and a second attendant came silently forward.

Who had bought Lot Sixty? I had no idea. During the ensuing parade of candlesticks, vegetable-dishes, cake-baskets, inkstands, salvers, wine coasters, snuffer trays, claret jugs and muffineers I determined to trace at least one nod among the still, bowed heads. *Someone* must be doing the bidding. It was not until Lot Ninety-eight that I had my first success. A soup tureen with claw and ball feet (the cover with cone finial) had provoked

a brisk chattering from the rostrum, the auctioneer's head darting from side to side, like a man watching ping-pong, as he accepted rather than fostered a keen rivalry which had sprung up—"Thirty? . . . two-four-six-eight . . . Forty? . . . two-four-six-eight . . ." The rhythm was fascinating. "Fifty? . . . two-four . . . Fifty-four? Fifty-four!" The hammer tapped. An elderly man sitting on my left, with scraped grey hair and a complex tangle of double spectacles, had snatched the tureen from the attendant, breathed on it rudely, pressed it with sceptical thumbs, flung it back on the tray and, on the bid of twenty pounds, allowed his chin to drop about a centimetre; after that the auctioneer's gaze flew to him on every "ping" and flashed to a shock-headed man on every "pong"; at fifty-four pounds the chin failed to drop; the rally was over, and the tureen, cone finial and all, passed to the other contender—whose method of signalling, as far as I could see, was to manicure his nails idly with a catalogue corner.

Dropping in at Christie's—for not all the bidders are dealers—could become an exciting and dangerous habit. To-day, as Sir Alec knocks down a blackened



rectangle of canvas, in an overpowering gilt frame, for two guineas, the thought sweeps giddily over me that it could have been mine for three . . . not that I yearn for E. Van Der Poel's "Fish Stall by Lamplight" over my mantelpiece, but the itch to bid is growing. Let me pretend that I have set my heart on this Monticelli. I will bid secretly against the bald man in front, who has already plunged up to six guineas. There is a phrase in my head, "A little thing I picked up at Christie's . . ."

Sir Alec's spectacled, Edmund Gwenn-ish eye seems to rest directly upon me. "Ten? . . . twelve-fourteen-sixteen-eighteen . . . Twenty? . . . two-five-eight . . . Thirty? . . . two-five-eight . . . Forty? . . ." The rhythm is hypnotizing. "Ninety? . . . Ninety-five? . . . One hundred? . . . ten? . . . twenty? One hundred and twenty guineas!" The hammer falls. Mr. Smith, for once not able to put a name to a face, comes down the room towards me. I am

as white as his hair. "Your name, sir?" he asks respectfully. Without looking up, the bald man in front answers, making a note on his catalogue.

Presently, when I feel stronger, I make for the stairs, averting my eyes from the little mahogany grandmother clock with brass circular dial, enclosed in a case with moulded borders, for sale next week. I must stay away from here.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



ANSWER YES OR NO

If any suspicion exists (though for the life of me I cannot see why it should) that I am implicated, however remotely, in the recent disorders at 28 Circular Garden Reach Road, I hope it will be dispelled by the plain, straightforward statement of facts which I am about to make. In this matter my innocence is so self-evident that it is hard to imagine what motives could impel anyone to bring so palpably unfounded a charge against me. But some people will do anything to draw attention to themselves.

I also hope to show that I had no hand in the disappearance of the microphone belonging to the Indian Seamen's Union.

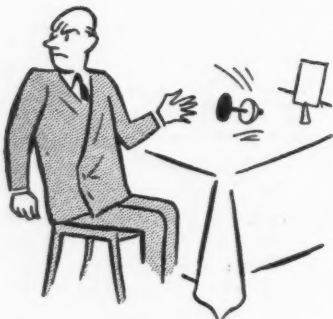
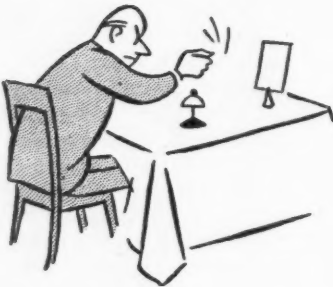
I think it is important that we should begin at the beginning and have all the facts clear before attempting to pass judgment on anyone; and the first thing to consider is the pamphlet, written in Bengali, which has been transmitted to me by a resident of Calcutta whom I had always thought of as a friend. For the sake of all-round convenience I propose to refer not to the original but to the translation supplied by my correspondent.

It begins: "We Want Clear Answers." Well, that is natural enough. No one appreciates the value of plain dealing more than myself. If I could give a clear answer to the questions raised in this leaflet I would dispatch my reply to Calcutta by return of post. But the point I am trying to make is that several of the queries raised

are not really my concern at all. "What are you doing," the authors ask (by the way, they style themselves "The Neglected Seamen"), "with the sums of Rs. 150 realized from the weekly functions at 28 Circular Garden Reach Road?" The answer is that I am not doing anything at all, for the very good reason that the weekly functions at 28 Circular Garden Reach Road have never brought me in a solitary rupee. The simple truth is that until I received this broadsheet I had no notion that any such functions were taking place; and even now I am quite in the dark as to their nature.

Take, again, Question 6: "Why are you leading a campaign to break up the Calcutta Maritime Board?" I can bring independent witnesses to prove that the disintegration of the Calcutta Maritime Board is something I have never lifted a finger to bring about. Or take the business of the microphone. They ask "What has happened to the Union's microphone," which (they allege) I "borrowed for propaganda purposes during the Sylhet referendum." I have no idea what has happened to the Union's microphone. I never borrowed it, for propaganda purposes or otherwise. I took no sides over the Sylhet referendum. I never knew it was going on.

Question 7 asks: "Why did you instigate the assault on the seamen residing at 28 Circular Garden Reach Road, when they demanded a Statement of Account from you?" I shall not reply to that question. I shall treat it with the contempt it



R. Gardner



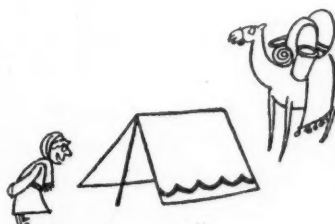
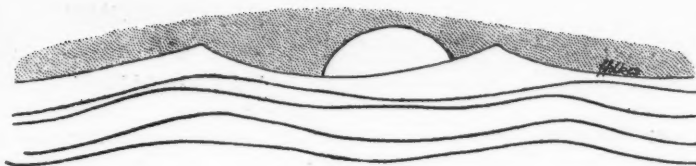
deserves. To suggest that I would, under any provocation whatever, instigate an assault on a seaman living at 28 Circular Garden Reach Road is a cowardly abuse of the unbounded freedom of speech apparently prevailing in Calcutta.

The only question in this pamphlet which I consider requires an explicit reply is the last one. "Are you aware," the Neglected Seamen demand, "that the seamen are eagerly awaiting the advent of new leaders, consequent on their disgust with you, because of your misappropriation of their money which you have collected on the pretext of serving the seamen's interests, but which, in fact, you have spent on your own whimsical pleasures?"

I am afraid that the well-turned Parliamentary style of this ingenuous query does not allay the pain that it gives me. It is the word "whimsical" that cuts me to the quick. If the seamen really feel that way about me, then I have no more to say. Let them get new leaders, if that is their wish. Goodness knows I have never sought any position of authority or influence among them. If I have in fact gained a quasi-official status in their organization (and it is news to me if I have) it has not been by backstage manoeuvrings or shady wire-pulling. If the Indian Seamen's Union, several thousand miles away and with no full knowledge of the facts, care to stigmatize a fortnightly visit to the pictures and eighteen holes of golf on Saturday afternoons as "whimsical pleasures," they are welcome to their opinion. Let them appoint new leaders by all means. It is nothing to me. All I ask is that they refrain from circulating badly printed leaflets in ungrammatical Bengali containing insinuations, so wildly unfounded as to be difficult to refute, against my personal integrity.

That, I think, is all, except that if any reader has an unwanted secondhand microphone in fair condition he is invited to write to me at 28 Circular Garden Reach Road, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

G. D. R. DAVIES



"My, it's good to be home again."

PASSAT AND PAMIR

SHIP
in the clear, wave-dark
wine-corked, dimple-necked bottle
of glass,
fondly-carved, fragile, four-masted
barque:
now *Passat* and *Pamir*
have joined *Cutty Sark*
will never again ship,
never a grain ship
over the salt, bitter, vintaged seas
pass
racing with wheat from "Down
Under"?

Cunning cynosure,
sideboard wonder,
will you be all that is left of the wild

struggle of man
with ship,
sea,
sails,
thirst and starvation,
deep calms,
gales:
will you be the last of all sail?—
Argos,
and those name-forgotten that
carried cargoes
brave in the Dawn Age—
vacuum-sealed symbol of our proud
humble achievement,
not even allowed
to be anchored at last in the hands
of a child?

R. C. SCRIVEN



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, November 7th

There have been countless occasions in the last few years on which the Government's supporters have "rebelled" and voted in different division lobbies—or none at all. To-day enabled the Conservatives to show what *they* could do in this direction. However, Mr. PATRICK BUCHAN-HEPBURN, the Opposition Chief Whip, had taken the precaution of calling off his Whips, and of granting a free vote, so the event did not count as a revolt.

The subject was the Married Women (Restraint Upon Anticipation) Bill, which will permit married women to make use of the capital of their inheritances, whatever the will may say. Sir HARTLEY SHAW-CROSS, the Attorney-General, fresh home from a long (and highly successful) visit to the United Nations meetings in New York, moved the Second Reading and was at pains to explain that it was not the Mountbatten Bill that had "directed the attention of the Government to the desirability of altering the law in this respect"; though *because* Parliamentary time *would* have been taken up in discussing that Bill, it seemed wise to use that time to bring about a general alteration in the law.

Sir HARTLEY said that, though he was only guessing, there were probably thousands, but not tens of thousands, of women affected by the Bill. Mr. OLIVER STANLEY, from the Opposition Front Bench, expressed the view—which, he carefully emphasized, was personal—that the Bill was a good idea.

And these two speeches, taken together, made all the more puzzling a furious outburst by Mr. WOODROW WYATT, a Government supporter. He seemed to feel that opposition to this Bill was based on personal animosity against "a member of another place," and went on to say that, had the Bill related to the

Stanley family, it would have passed like a dream. Both Sir HARTLEY and Mr. STANLEY looked a trifle hurt by Mr. WYATT's attitude, but they smiled tolerantly when, warming to his self-imposed task, he spoke of criticism of the Bill as a "disgusting, sickening parade of hypocrisy, dressed in legal terms, to justify something which dead-end kids would be ashamed of doing."

All Mr. WYATT's passion, however, did not succeed in getting more than half his Party colleagues into the voting Lobby in support of the Bill, and the Government Whips registered only the mildest enthusiasm when it was found that the

there was some hasty rounding-up in other parts of the building. And then the expected division was not taken—so the occupant of the Wool-sack got both justice and peace, and everybody went home.

Tuesday, November 8th

When Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health, rose to move a Bill to authorize the clearing up of bomb-damaged buildings and sites, most of the few Members present hurried out, where-upon somebody remarked that the Minister had effectively demolished the "House" and cleared the site. It seems that the main idea is to tidy up the war-damaged parts of Britain so that it may be, once more, a pleasant, if not green, land for the delight of those from other shores who may visit the Festival of Britain.

Such a proposal was of course non-contentious—or nearly so. Sir WILLIAM DARLING, whose devotion to Edinburgh is such that he looks on most other places with almost active dislike, proclaimed his view that the population of London ought to be reduced by ten thousand or so each year. He said it in a tone which suggested something with boiling atom-bombs in it, but all who know his kindly nature realized that he probably had in mind merely a wholesale transfer of population from the Metropolis to that far more important place of which Sir WILLIAM was once Lord Provost.

The Bill was approved, and then there was a discussion on red petrol, which, it seemed from what was said, could be made white, and therefore available for the black market. The discussion arose on a Government proposal to make the proof of the guilty possession of "red" petrol easier, and Sir JOHN MELLOR and Colonel FRED ERROLL resisted the move, holding that justice should prevail though the convictions fall. But Mr. ROBENS, for the Fuel Ministry, contended



and

Impressions of Parliamentarians

96. Lord Trenchard

Second Reading had been passed by 180 votes to 47, one of the smallest votes recorded in this Parliament on a Government measure. Then Mr. WYATT looked hurt.

Noble Lords were acting in a much more judicial way, considering a Bill about Justices of the Peace and their duties. There was a queer sort of urgency about the discussion, since the Lord Chancellor had given the impression that he will be considerably surprised if the Bill ever reaches the Statute Book. However, it is a subject that appeals to their Lordships (with or without a case stated) and they discussed it at length, even when the attendance became more select than numerous. But the Lord Chancellor acutely pointed out the half-forgotten rule that if fewer than thirty Peers take part in a division a Bill lapses, and



"Hold everything—they want this reviewed by Monday!"*

that the tests applied were infallible enough (if not completely) and that, short of a suspect's dropping rare chemicals into his own tank and reddening his white spirit, just to be awkward, nothing was likely to go wrong.

Wednesday, November 9th

The Lords were talking about Defence, and they staged their usual well-informed debate, for the House of Commons: place is rich in Variety Programme naval, military, air and diplomatic "experience," which is always placed at the disposal of the laymen in such circumstances.

It seemed a pity that a debate so conducted should have been replied to, on behalf of the Government, with a speech that the most generous of critics could not have regarded as even remotely adequate. It was made by Lord HALL, First Lord of the Admiralty, who was, doubtless, in the hands of those who supplied his brief, but who certainly showed no wish to exceed it.

Lord TEMPLEWOOD, who had initiated the debate, administered as scathing a rebuke to Lord HALL as any heard in the Upper House for many a year. But then he withdrew his demand for "Papers," and the Government was not put to the trouble of chalking up yet another defeat. The debate was on our national defence and that of the Western Union, and "shattering complacency"—the Government's—was the mildest of the terms used by Lord TEMPLEWOOD in his rebuke.

Lord TRENCHARD, looking on Russia as the most likely aggressor in the future, drew a Wellsian picture of the use of the atom-bomb to destroy ten, or possibly twenty, million men in a month. As their Lordships rustled uneasily, Lord TRENCHARD said it might sound like utter brutality to suggest the bomb's ruthless use, but a victory for Communism would mean the end of our civilization, anyway.

The Commons were talking of everything from increased taxes on distributed profits to the alteration of local government boundaries,

with Mr. BEVAN, still displaying (from time to time) his new-found urbanity, in charge of the second subject.

Thursday, November 10th

The subject under discussion in the Commons was coal. Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL, the House of Commons: Fuel Minister, Coal who surely has the most persuasive voice and manner on the Government Front Bench, told the story of nationalized coal. It was a plain tale, embellished with improved output figures and a clear profit, on the first six months of this year, of £6,500,000.

The debate that followed was also on well-worn lines, the critics alleging that coal was better and more harmoniously produced under private enterprise, the supporters of the Coal Board alleging (sometimes a little uncertainly) that a coal mine and Paradise were now comparable—well, nearly comparable.

In the end, of course, the Coal Board got the vote of confidence the Government asked on its behalf.

MRS. VENNER AND THE DRAMA

"YOU look a bit peculiar," said Mrs. Venner, stuffing the rent in her purse and helping herself to one of my biscuits: "are you feeling all right?"

"I'm thinking about writing a play," I said.

"Oh," said Mrs. Venner, "is that all? I remember a man stayed here once, used to write tales. Mr. Hepple, his name was. You couldn't put 'em down once you'd started. All about Bahram the Terrible, they were. Know what he did? Kept on turning himself into things by eating a pill. You don't see much of that on the stage."

"No," I said, "you don't, really."

"One time he turned himself into a timber-wolf, and tracked a fur-bandit to his lair. Made my flesh creep. Better than all that lovey-dovey stuff. You don't want that nowadays."

"You don't?"

"No," said Mrs. Venner. "When people go to the theatre, they want taking out of themselves."

"Oh," I said.

"Course," said Mrs. Venner, "you'd have to have the wolf skin."

"Yes," I said, "that would be the snag."

"If you wanted, you could put in a bit of a love interest. You could have the heroine trapped in a blazing cabin, fighting with a rum-crazed half-breed."

"That's right," I said, "and the wolf outside, scratching down the door."

"That's right," said Mrs. Venner eagerly, "and then it turns into Bahram, and he pulls the girl away in the nick of time, and kicks the half-breed into the crevasse. Alaska Louis, his name is."

"I don't know that I'm very good at half-breed dialogue," I said.

"Oh, it's mostly grunts," said Mrs. Venner. "When he fell into the crevasse, he'd only need to say '*Mon Dieu!*'"

"Yes," I said, "I suppose that would be sufficient."

"You could have a sad bit, too, where someone pinches Bahram's pills, and he can't turn into anything. Then the fellow who's pinched 'em takes one and turns into an ape, and the heroine snatches them and falls into the rapids, and Bahram dives in after her, and overpowers the ape, and grabs the pills, and beats it with the girl in his arms. You'd want a revolving stage for that bit."

"You would," I said, "at the very least."

"Then you could have a funny scene, where the chap who's the ape doesn't know how to turn back into himself, and gets angry."

"Yes," I said, reaching for a pencil, "that would be most laughable."

"Of course," said Mrs. Venner, "you'd want the ape skin, but you'd have no difficulty there. You can always hire an ape skin. It's the plot you've got to worry about. Mr. Hepple worried a lot about plots. Mind you, if ever I got a bit of an inspiration, I used to pop in and let him have it. Ever so grateful, he was. Boxes of chocolates galore he used to give me . . . You could have the last scene in the derelict gold-mine."

"Yes," I said. "I never thought of that."

"Alaska Louis has got the girl down there tied to a stake in a pool, with seals barking at her and the water getting higher. The ape-man is setting light to a train of gunpowder, when, up comes Bahram and jumps down the mine."

I stifled a gasp. "Hurt himself?" I said.

"Takes a pill half-way down, and turns into an eagle. Pecks her bonds loose, shoos the seals away, flies back up with her in his claws, and fights the ape-man to the death."

"Where's Louis?"

"The Mounties get him. They've been after him all the time."

"Oh, yes, of course," I said. "Then Bahram wraps the heroine in his great strong wings, and the curtain comes down?"

"Something like that. You'll have to fill in the details yourself. That's what Mr. Hepple did. Got plenty of paper?"

"Oh, yes," I said.

"Well, cheerio," said Mrs. Venner, making for the door, "I'll leave you to it."

"Cheerio," I said, "and thank you very much."

And I laid down my pencil and began to examine my Personal Points.



"Shall I wrap it up, madam?"

CHRISTMAS CARDS

THE Grenfell Association once more offers a selection of attractive Christmas Cards for sale in aid of its work among British settlers in Labrador. Funds are urgently needed, especially to combat tuberculosis; this year a poor fishing season means that there will be more calls than ever on the medical and welfare services provided by the Grenfell Mission. An illustrated leaflet showing the cards available can be obtained for 1d. from the Secretary, the Grenfell Association, 66 Victoria Street, S.W. 1, and the cards themselves, which cost from 3d. to 1s. 2d., can be obtained from the same address.

AT THE PLAY

A Wind on the Heath (BEDFORD, CAMDEN TOWN)—*Queen Elizabeth Slept Here* (STRAND)

THAT good old veteran, the Bedford, has taken on a vigorous new lease of life. Having dispatched its first production, "Lady Audley's Secret," to be revealed in the West End, the enterprising management follows through with a play with some thought behind it and a cast good enough to make most audiences sit up. There are no stars here, but instead honest sensitive acting that carries conviction even in the smallest parts. For a theatre that puts on a fresh programme every two weeks the production of Mr. RONALD ADAM's *A Wind on the Heath* is remarkable, and if the Bedford can maintain this standard it should notably enrich its history.

The play is odd and interesting, a modern morality on the theme of courage. It consists of three separate short stories that take place in the same shabby lodgings in Hampstead, with, as further connecting-link, an old lady in the rooms downstairs who comes up to gossip and borrow and reflect subsequent action. In the first, dated 1913, a promising young singer and his widowed mother are told by their

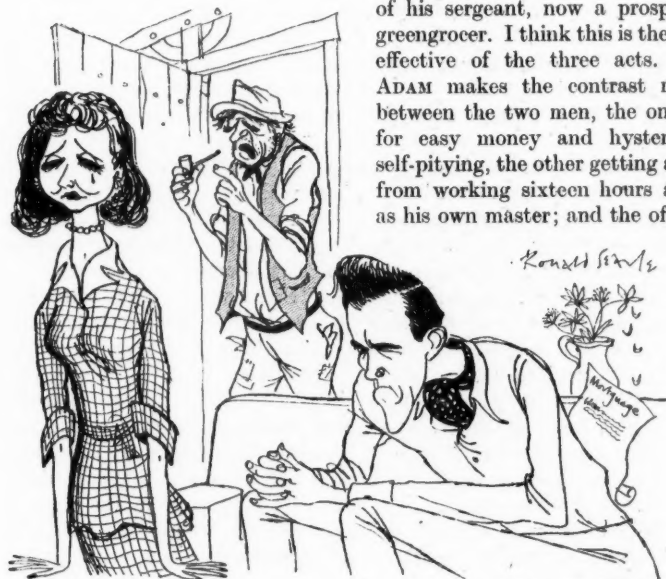
lawyer they have only thirty shillings a week. Shall they blow their capital, on a gamble on the boy's voice, or must he be prudent and accept a deadly job offered

[*A Wind on the Heath*

Time Marches On

Mrs. Pirbright—MISS PAT NYE

by the lawyer? Prudence loses, resoundingly. The second (1927) shows us a young ex-officer driven into dishonesty by failure to sell vacuum-cleaners, and saved at the critical moment by the intervention of his sergeant, now a prosperous greengrocer. I think this is the most effective of the three acts. Mr. ADAM makes the contrast neatly between the two men, the one out for easy money and hysterically self-pitying, the other getting a kick from working sixteen hours a day as his own master; and the officer's

[*Queen Elizabeth Slept Here*

Hopeless Dawn

Norah Fuller—MISS DULCIE GRAY; Mr. Kimber—MR. KENNETH CONNOR;
Michael Fuller—MR. MICHAEL DENISON

wife, staunch but clear-sighted, is drawn with keen perception. In the third an embittered artist is visited on the eve of war in 1939 by a girl who turns out to be his illegitimate daughter and who melts him into fresh endeavour. A brief epilogue shows the wheel still turning.

The piece is clearly sentimental, and its contrivances are close to melodrama, but the writing is skilful. It has sincerity and uses humour surely. Produced by Miss JOAN SWINSTEAD, to whom all credit, the cast is unusually even. Miss PAT NYE's powerful sketch of the old lodger combines low cunning with undeniable pathos. Mr. JOHN JUSTIN, who plays the male lead in each act, does so with judgment and variety and is particularly good in the second, where Miss ANNABEL MAULE takes the wife beautifully and Mr. CAMPBELL SINGER gives the greengrocer the vitality and warm sympathy of a super-Cockney. Miss BARBARA CAVAN, Miss SHEILA SHAND GIBBS, Mr. IAN FLEMING and Mr. PETER COLLINGWOOD all add to the evening's pleasure.

Queen Elizabeth Slept Here is a very mechanical farce about a young couple in a decrepit cottage (in which main electricity and a telephone appear within a month). It may have been funnier in the original American. There are laughs, but there are some terrible lines as well. Faster production would have helped, and so would a cast with a less ragged tail. Miss DULCIE GRAY, Mr. MICHAEL DENISON, Miss WINIFRED MELVILLE and Mr. JULIEN MITCHELL are the best, and Mr. KENNETH CONNOR's diabolical old peasant, though straight out of stock, has his moments.

ERIC KEOWN

Recommended

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER—*New*—Another winner in the Old Vic repertory.
DAPHNE LAUREOLA—*Wyndham's*—Bridie and Edith Evans at their best.
BLACK CHIFFON—*Westminster*—Flora Robson superb in good family drama.

*TREASURE HUNT—*Apollo*—Irish extravagance, with Sybil Thorndike exquisitely mad.

(* Suitable for young people.)

ANY QUESTIONS?

"COLONEL EVERSHARP is here to talk to us about the Infantry Battalion. I need hardly say that before we get down to studying the more advanced tactical problems set in the examination it is essential that we know exactly what an Infantry Battalion is—Colonel Eversharp."

"Now before I begin my talk I would like to impress on you the advantage of asking questions. At the end of my lecture we will have the normal question period. Besides this, however, if any exceptionally important problem comes to your mind during the course of my speaking to you, do not hesitate to stand up and ask your question, for you may have forgotten it by the end of the lecture."

"I need hardly say," he went on, "that a battalion has a thing called an establishment, which shows exactly what it consists of in men, weapons and vehicles."

"How many bicycles are there on this establishment?" asked a fat unhappy-looking R.E.M.E. officer.

"Twelve," said Colonel Eversharp enthusiastically.

"Is that not the old establishment and are there not now fourteen, the additional two being for the Assault Pioneer Section?" said a Buff.



"Three-ha'penny, please."

"No," said a Grey. "The additional two are for the use of the band."

"There is an additional one only," said a Blue, "to enable the C.O.'s stick man to catch the early train to London. It is brought back from the station by the duty groom, whose charge it is. It is called the King's bicycle."

"I will make a point of checking the establishment in this regard," shouted Colonel Eversharp above the din, for there were quite a few who refused to take the Blue seriously.

"To continue," said the Colonel, "the rôle of Infantry has not changed suddenly because of the sensitiveness of secret seismographs." He paused unnecessarily to allow for the hilarity which he was sure his topical alliteration deserved.

"How many typewriters are there on the G1098?" asked a Lancer.

"What on earth is a G1098?" said the Colonel.

"There are only six," said a Dragoon: "five in the Q.M.'s stores and one with the Master Cook for typing menus."

"That may be so in an armoured unit," said an East Surrey, "but an Infantry Battalion has an additional one in the Orderly Room."

"For typing crime sheets," sneered a Hussar.

"Towards the end of the war in Germany," said Colonel Eversharp, "my battalion had eight hundred and forty-five typewriters. I remember my subalterns saying how much more difficult it made censoring."

"Do you think censoring the chaps' mail was a good thing?" said a West Yorkshire.

"It didn't matter anyway," said a North Stafford, "there was always the green envelope."

"What in heaven's name was that?" asked the lecturer.

"The troops were allowed to stick it down themselves," said a Dorset.

"It made a censor feel a cad if he tore it open," added a Devon.

"Talking of green envelopes

reminds me of when I was stationed at a little place in the Arakan called Mindaw," said a Sapper. "I was sent in with the leading troops to become R.T.O. It was six months before anyone back at Area discovered there was no railway."

"I would like to butt in here," said Colonel Eversharp. "I have just remembered that I have had a special paper prepared on Infantry in the Jungle. I will see that it is issued at the end of this lecture. It deals with tree recognition."

"Now to continue," he said, "the Infantry Battalion is designed to put the maximum number of men on the ground with the minimum assistance."

"How many stretcher-bearers are there?" piped a Signaller.

"There are either twelve bicycles and twenty stretcher-bearers or," said Colonel Eversharp, "twelve typewriters and fifty-one stretcher-bearers. I can never remember which."

"Surely," said a Service Corps officer, "there must be an even number of stretcher-bearers?"

"Unless there are triangular stretchers," mused a Gordon.

"Or some one-armed stretcher-bearers," added an Argyll.

"I have heard of wheel-barrows used to evacuate wounded," said a Cameron—"which might account for the odd man."

"Are there any wheel-barrows on the establishment?" roared a Seaforth.

"I will make a point of checking that," said the Colonel, completely unaware of any implied ridicule.

"Now I would like to finish my lecture with a few statistics," he continued. "There may be almost a thousand men, possibly fifty vehicles and I suppose approximately a thousand guns, of one sort or another, in an Infantry Battalion. And now I come to that important period I mentioned at the start of my talk—Question-time. Are there any questions?"

"Yes," said a very bilious-looking Army Catering Corps Officer. "How many chances do we get of taking the examination?"

BOOKING OFFICE

The Eager Eye

THREE sentences from new books on places illustrate the variety of the present interest in topography. "Marble columns in restaurants, stained glass, thick and crinkly, and adorned with wreaths, Turkey carpets, bronze or beaten copper electroliers, mahogany screens with panels of bevelled glass, plasterwork in the Baroque manner, external sculpture in the manner of Sir Hamo Thornycroft as at Waterloo—all these are characteristic of the last age of railway architecture." "The one landscape which the Romantic discoverers did not know, and which it has taken a hundred and fifty years to perfect—is the landscape of the lunar beauty of industrial dereliction." "Looking back over the past three weeks, I find that my diary-keeping has dwindled to half a dozen words a day—a bare list of the people who invited us to lunch and dinner."

The first, of course, is Mr. John Betjeman, writing this time on Railway Stations in a London collection of descriptions and pictures by various hands, called *Flower of Cities*. As usual, he unites scholarship and nostalgia, bringing a precise vision to bear on an original choice of material and evoking strong, but doubtfully aesthetic, responses from coevals among his readers. The second extract comes from Mr. Geoffrey Grigson's reprinted essays, *Places of the Mind*; it occurs in an important study of "The Meaning of Landscape." Too much a hater of his times to accept its characteristic forms, too much in reaction from the cosiness of the history fanciers to escape backwards into the Merrie Past, he wryly makes a ledge for himself in the early nineteenth century and hangs bleakly on. The last quotation is from Mr. Christopher Isherwood's account of his journey to South America, *The Condor and the Coues* (in which Mr. William Caskey's photographs are equal in importance with the text). Mr. Isherwood is interested in people, including himself. For him, landscape is primarily an influence on the people who live near it or traverse it. He gives a bright, informative account of his travels, but when he is dealing with country his writing lacks the sharpness and lightness of his descriptions of the society, politics and peculiarities of the inhabitants.

Mr. Grigson, though making fewest concessions to the reader, is the most rewarding because of the honesty with which, in language often coldly scientific, he discusses places against a background of considerable scholarship in botany, archaeology and the history of taste. Where, as in this book, he concentrates on exposing, placing, distinguishing the objects of his admiration and affection, and keeps off the objects of his dislike, he is valuable, and the reader will not look at the landscapes or painters he has discussed with the same eyes again.

Mr. Grigson sees the plants and geological formations, the traces of man economic and aesthetic, the farms and the Prospects. Most of the contributors to the London volume seem in doubt what to look for. Some of them produce a slab of guidebook with a few

picturesque or sentimental insets, others paint their own lineaments on the scene. As the contributors range from competent journalists doing feature articles up to Miss Bowen, Mr. Sansom and Mr. Stonier, the collection makes rather a mixed impression. Some localities and activities rise vividly from the page; the rest remain adequately diagrammed but flat. The visitor, for whom in parts the compilation seems intended, will acquire a curious mixture of information and stimulation. He will not get any impression of London as a whole.

Mr. Isherwood's book is puzzling, like Mr. Isherwood himself. It is certainly readable and entertaining, and I found I had learned a good deal more than I had realized I was learning. Yet I cannot help remembering Mr. Isherwood's promise and how much he meant to us fifteen years ago. It seemed that one day all his gifts would flower and blaze. To find him now a first-class travelogist is better than nothing—but if his travel diary had been published anonymously no one would have guessed who had written it.

The modern transference of loyalties from institutions, principles and men to periods and places may be partly due to failure of nerve and other unworthy causes; but at least it develops fresh ranges of enjoyment, which is a clear gain. Nostalgia and curiosity are fruitful for art if not for all other modes of living, and with Mr. Grigson focusing and disciplining the enthusiasms excited by Mr. Betjeman and Miss Bowen, and with Mr. Isherwood elegantly reminding us of the social preoccupations of his generation, we are all set for a contemplative winter.

R. G. G. PRICE



"Play your ace, man."

A Happy Puritan

When Logan Pearsall Smith described his mother as "a most remarkable and brilliant letter-writer" he was guilty of no filial partiality. If those particular epithets would have moved Hannah Whitall Smith herself to derisive laughter, the letters which evoked them have a unique and fascinating quality. A Philadelphian Quaker, who became well-known on both sides of the Atlantic as an evangelical preacher and writer, "H. W. S." was a woman not only of infinite faith, hope and charity but of an astringent humour that was at its happiest in self-mockery and of a common sense so absolute that, against the background of an irrational world, it also has the effect of a sort of humour. She was a puritan to whom life was fun and whom very few things could shock. She took Ascot, music-halls and the "gay and wicked world" of Aix-les-Bains in her equable stride, and was the most sympathetic of grandmothers. *A Religious Rebel* is a mine of delightful surprises.

F. B.

A New Cary

Mr. Joyce Cary's latest novel, *A Fearful Joy*, is a long episodic work covering the whole adventurous life of one woman and taking us with remarkable literary sleight-of-hand through a chain of sharply varied situations. Tabitha is early seduced by Dick Bonser, a dashing scamp who soon deserts her. In turn she becomes the mistress of a dilettante up to his neck in all the nonsense of the 'nineties, the wife of a thrusting industrialist who builds up a top-heavy commercial empire that collapses at his death, and finally Dick Bonser's wife, sharing with him the profits of a shady hotel. Mr. Cary, writing as always with immense vitality, packs a great deal into these busy, bustling scenes, and relates them unerringly to their periods; but he packs too much, with the result that the book is a little breathless and the characters lack depth. The exception is Bonser, a memorable cad magnificently drawn.

E. O. D. K.



Aiming High

General Sir Frederick Pile, setting out to write an autobiography, has discovered after a chapter or two that there is nothing much he wants to talk about except his many meetings with Mr. Churchill and the development and ever-mounting accomplishment of our anti-aircraft ground forces. *Ack-Ack* is a fine story of a perpetual chase to outmatch the ingenuity of an artful enemy, and if there were times in the early days of the war when the guns were fired mainly for the sake of their undeniably rousing effect on the civilian population, long before the advent of the flying bomb the men and women of the writer's command were bringing down "birds" not only in ones and twos but almost in flocks. Methods and material were improving up to the very end and only public recognition lagged behind. General Pile, who has developed a quick eye for sniping his military overlords, is rightly concerned to bring this neglect to notice.

C. C. P.

Small-Town Cressida

The present state of Ireland, whose diagnosis is seldom tackled with its due combination of sympathy and good sense, is perhaps responsible for the far from exhilarating products of the present-day Irish novelist. He is at home in two kingdoms, the animal and the supernatural. The debatable land between, that subtly-permeated territory we call Christian civilization, means very little to such small-town annals as *In a Harbour Green*. Mr. Benedict Kiely relates the amatory adventures of a Northern Irish Catholic girl, with a "Squinting Windows" accompaniment of censorious gossip. A middle-aged solicitor, striving to preserve superiority and detachment where all his social equals, "the politicians and the play-actors and the priests," are, he feels, "irresistibly comic," loses his heart to a shapely, commonplace young woman secretly enamoured of a tough. Mr. Kiely paints the warts. It is not, apparently, his business to indicate how these could be removed, or even to distinguish clearly between the warts and the complexion.

H. P. E.

Books Reviewed Above

- Flower of Cities*. (Parrish, 18/6)
Places of the Mind. Geoffrey Grigson. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 12/6)
The Condor and the Cows. Christopher Isherwood. Photographs by William Caskey. (Methuen, 21/-)
A Religious Rebel: The Letters of "H. W. S." Edited by Logan Pearsall Smith. (Nisbet, 10/6)
A Fearful Joy. Joyce Cary. (Michael Joseph, 12/6)
Ack-Ack. General Sir Frederick Pile. (Harrap, 18/-)
In a Harbour Green. Benedict Kiely. (Cape, 9/6)

Other Recommended Books

Name Into Word: Proper Names That Have Become Common Property: A Discursive Dictionary. Eric Partridge. (Secker and Warburg, 25/-) 644 pages of such words (lynch, jacket, madeira, rugby and many much more surprising), with learned but lively discussion of each and an explanatory Foreword.

Handbook for Spies. Alexander Foote. (Museum Press, 10/6) First-hand account of an Englishman's nine years as a Soviet agent. Revealing about the mechanics of this squalid if sometimes exciting profession, and useful in presenting the cupidity and disloyalty involved, instead of the romance.

MYSTERY MEN

LIFE is full of mysteries, but one so seldom has the bounce, the heaven-sent pushfulness, to probe them. For instance, a very mysterious thing happens on platform four at my station every morning as the eight-nine comes nuzzling in from Eastbourne: two men, one small and consequential in a rather unstreamlined bowler, the other young and hatless with his tie flying, come rushing up the stairs from platform two and stare intently at the approaching train; then one shouts (it may be either one) "You're aft!" and the other bawls (it may be either other) "You're for'ard!" and they part with hasty salutes and dash to different bits of the platform, the bowlered man running with corseted tip-toe springiness—not that that has anything to do with it. Since they both travel third-class and the train seems to be the same old coaches in the same old order every day, the thing is absolutely inexplicable.

Months ago I determined that next time I felt full of bounce and push I would buttonhole one of them and demand a solution, but it was only this morning that some obscure spiritual chemistry put me in the proper frame of mind. You know how, on some days, you feel jam-packed with facile charm, striking up conversations with fellow-passengers whose witless chatter sickened you yesterday, assisting bewildered ladies whose obstructive twitterings will set you cursing to-morrow? That is how I felt, and it was obviously the day to tackle the mysterious couple. Unfortunately it so happened that they didn't turn up this morning, so I still don't know the answer. (I'm sorry, but now you know what I've been going through all this time.)

With all this steam accumulated and the means of expending it denied me in this way, I might well have suffered a disastrous dislocation of the nervous system but for a most glorious piece of luck which befell me as I fumed and sizzled across London Bridge. For



"Ere we go again—the State versus Free Enterprise."

there, pottering along in front of me, I saw, for the first time since the early summer, the Man with the Inexplicable Suitcase.

The Inexplicable Suitcase has nagged at me on and off for over two years (the Man doesn't worry me, except indirectly; he is just elderly and nondescript with a blue serge stoop). It isn't really a suitcase at all, that's the trouble. It is a wooden case, well-made and highly polished, and as slim as a dress watch; that is the true mystery, its completely unpractical slimness. It couldn't hold anything. In shape it is as near square as makes no matter

—about a yard square, I should judge. The Man has to crook his arm slightly to avoid scraping the case on the pavement. At a rough glance it might be a very shallow pastry-tray, the sort of thing you sometimes see being carried about the City on the head of a white-haired man in a soiled apron—except of course that it has a lid, and although even with the lid it is so slim that it could probably hold pastries in fixed positions quite successfully, I am quite convinced that it holds nothing of the sort.

I first saw the Man with the Inexplicable Suitcase in Moorgate, near that corner where pedestrians

are courteously allowed to walk under a sort of flying buttress thrown out by the Bank of England; he was waiting to cross, and even as I watched, fascinated, he plunged through the traffic and waddled quickly off up Gresham Street; it was some time before I could follow, and he had such a start on me that I soon lost him up one of the alleys round the Guildhall. But I got a good look at the case. It didn't seem heavy. It might have held plans—or a plan: more than a couple of thicknesses of stout paper would have strained the catches. It could have been—but what was the use of speculating? I won't say I put the thing out of my mind, but for some weeks I tried not to think of it.

The next time, the Man was standing by a grating halfway up the east pavement of Queen Victoria Street. Smoke was coming out of the grating, and a small blackboard propped against a nearby shop front said, "Not a Fire but Beets cooking"—a very minor mystery gratuitously solved . . . why couldn't the Man have had a helpful notice on the Inexplicable Suitcase? I pursued him as far as the College of Arms, on a hunch that it was the sort of place he might turn into, but he didn't. Then, as I was feeling a bit low that day, and might not have had the courage to pop the question even if I'd got within popping range, I let him potter out of sight in the direction of Blackfriars Bridge.

I worried about it a good deal, and I suppose that in a way the

development of the "You're aft, I'm for'ard" puzzle in recent months has been a valuable counter-irritant. There has always been the slender chance, new every morning, that I might steel myself for an inquiry into that, but it must be, oh, seven or eight months at least since I saw the Man with the Inexplicable Suitcase. Until this morning.

There he was, six or seven ranks ahead of me as the morning battalions charged over the bridge to invest the City. I couldn't see him very clearly, though various pedestrians at closer quarters hopped sharply every now and then as the Inexplicable Suitcase caught them on the shins. It was actually the havoc wrought in his immediate vicinity that enabled me to come up with the Man. The press was very thick, and I wormed my way level with him on his Suitcase side, the steam of pent-up curiosity practically escaping from my ears. Ordinarily on these occasions I devote considerable time to formulating my question, but to-day I came right out with it, bluntly, scarcely conscious of repeated sharp blows on the kneecap as I bobbed along beside him.

"What's that you're carrying?" I said.

He stopped, and four or five men with umbrellas piled up in the smalls of our backs, exclaiming angrily and brushing at themselves with their dispatch-cases.

"What do you think it is?" said

the man, lifting it up in the air and brandishing it truculently. "A — pastry-tray!"

It was, of course. Then I saw his soiled apron. It wasn't the Man at all. I did think of asking him why he didn't carry it on his head, but after its first shrill whistle my safety-valve was only muttering feebly on a rapidly descending cadence. I shuffled on, looking neither to right nor left. It would have been just my luck to meet the real Inexplicable Suitcase at that moment, when I couldn't raise enough steam to ask a policeman the time.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

A SHROPSHIRE LAD

"Questions about the numbers and ages of their girl friends revealed that the average number of girl friends a boy has is just over one."—"Times Educational Supplement"

UNCOMFORTED between the sheaves,
Alone go I, and sad,
Since Liza walks, these autumn eves,
Beside another lad.

But when the winter fields are dead,
Before the Christmas snows,
I'll share with Tom and Dick and Fred

Their evening walks with Rose.

[Housman's arithmetic is, at first sight, a little puzzling. But it is plain from the first stanza that the Shropshire lad had loved, though he had afterwards lost, Liza; so that his total quota over a more or less defined period was Liza (1) and Rose (25)=1·25, or "just over one."]

G. H. VALLINS



"I think that a clear enunciation is awfully necessary, don't you?"

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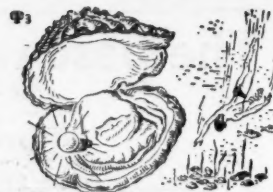
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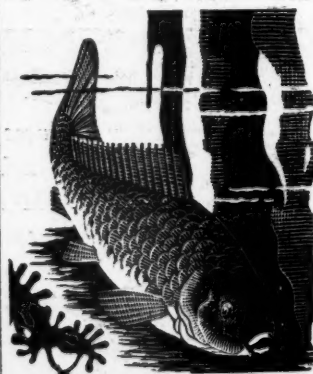
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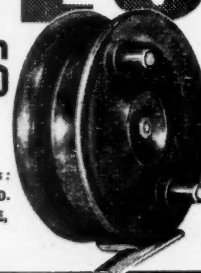
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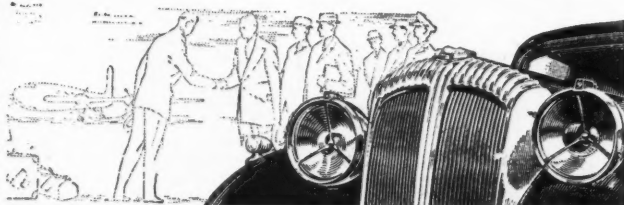


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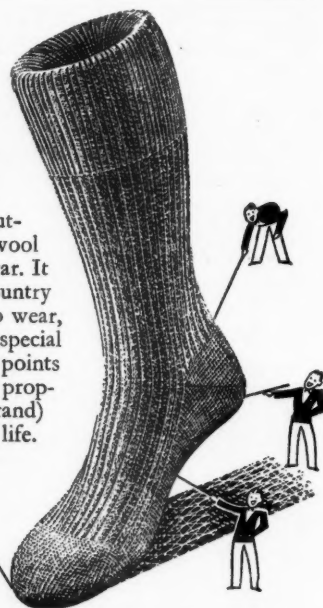


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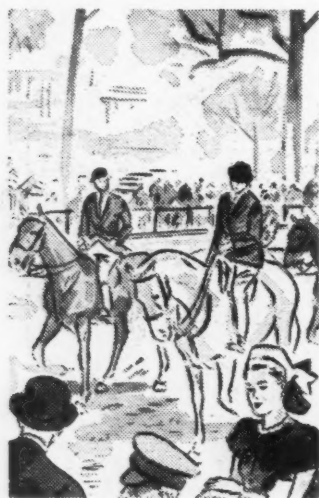
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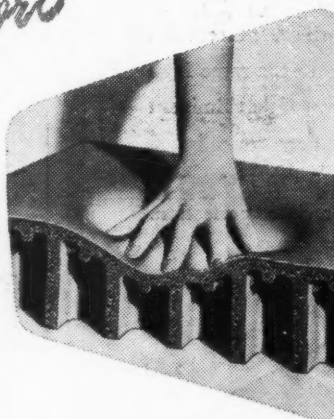
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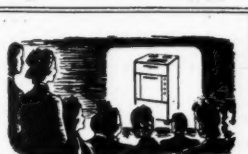
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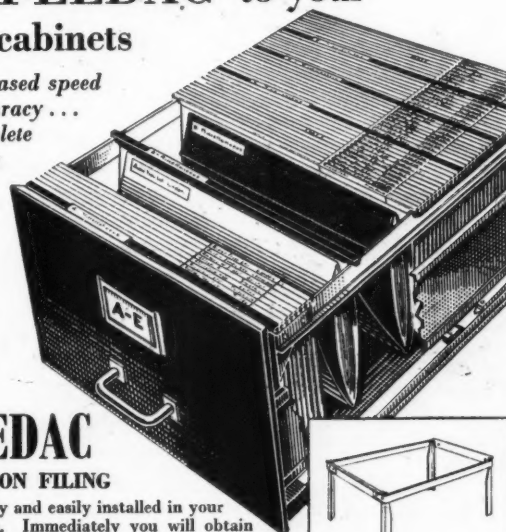
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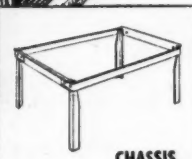
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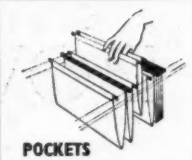
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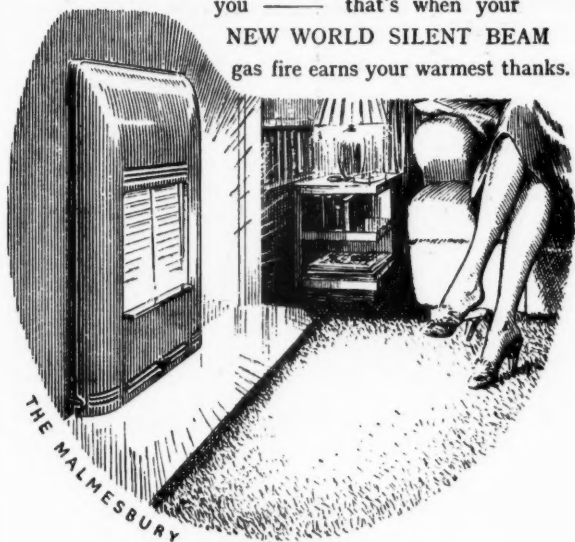
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Grandparents of today who bought Slumberlands for their first homes will tell you those Slumberlands are still giving the same resilience as they did when new.

A Slumberland lasts. Today, more than ever, for there's "Ortho-Flex" springing in non-utility Slumberlands now. These new "Ortho-Flex" springs distribute weight evenly. Resilience

goes deeper than ever.

Ask, at any shop where they are showing Slumberlands, to feel for yourself the new, deeper resilience of "Ortho-Flex" springing. The first five years of all Slumberlands are covered by guarantee. Look for the label.

If it is necessary to wait a while for a Slumberland, remember you're waiting for a lifetime of better sleep.

There's a Lifetime of Better Sleep in a Slumberland!

Slumberland



THE GREATEST COMFORT INVENTED SINCE SLEEP

**Do you want
these advantages in
your next refrigerator?**



Model R-4½ £77
plus £18-17-0 Purchase Tax.

**Frigidaire and only Frigidaire
provides all these features :**

Frozen Food Storage
Compartment
Large Ice-Making Capacity
Glass-Topped Vegetable
Hydrator
All-Porcelain Lining
Adjustable Cold Control
Lots of space — 4½ cu. ft.
Practical, Modern Beauty

Free with every cabinet — a 78-page
Frigidaire Instruction and Recipe
Book for varied menus — easier
entertaining.

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE
HAS THE METER-MISER ...



The simplest cold-making
mechanism ever built

Sealed in steel. Oiled for life.
No service worries. Uses less
current than an ordinary light
bulb.

Shop where
food is
FRIGIDAIRE - FRESH!

THE WORLD'S FINEST REFRIGERATOR

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OVER 11 MILLION HAVE BEEN BUILT AND SOLD

MADE IN ENGLAND
BY FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS LTD., LONDON, N.W.9

C6



This Jacobite glass bears an engraved portrait of Prince Charlie, and was a favourite device for expressing loyalty to the exiled Stuarts. It was in glasses like this that Drambuie, the Prince's own liqueur, was originally served.

Drambuie

COFFEE

Fresh and fragrant, blended by experts for discriminating palates. Supplied to thousands of households throughout the country. Three shillings per lb., post-free (smallest quantity 1½ lbs.), freshly roast and ground or roasted only.

TURNER & PRICE Ltd., Coffee Specialists,
Horsham, Sussex. (Est. 1931)



Be not like Theophilus Thick-bone . . . who thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb.

Protect your hands with

Andy

GARDEN GLOVES

4/11 per pair from all Ironmongers and Stores,
or direct 5/2 post free (state size).

TEDSON, THORNLEY & CO., ROCHDALE

Slide into slumber

IT'S BEDTIME NOW and another tiring day is ending. Why not slide off into slumber, quickly and completely . . . the cares of the world behind you—with a cup of ALLENBURYS DIET—the good good-night drink?

Allenburys
DIET



MADE BY ALLEN & HANBURYS LIMITED

Keep your strength up
the natural way

Hovis

THE BETTER-BALANCED BREAD



FOREIGN RELATIONS

"Grim news from my diplomatic Uncle, Hawkins."

"I understand he is at an Embassy behind the Iron Curtain, Sir."

"He is, and fiery mid-European fluids at public functions are having a serious effect on his tissues."

"Then, Sir, in the public interest, may I suggest we send him a few cases of Rose's Lime Juice

through diplomatic channels. A glassful after the most strenuous banquet helps to protect the system from the aftermath of hospitality."

"Hawkins, you deserve well of your country. Let's have a large gin and Rose's now. We must drink to the health of my Uncle and his colleagues carrying on under these exacting conditions."

ROSE'S—for Gin and Lime

In STAINLESS STEEL



Part of the
BALMORAL TEA SET

Product of J. & J. WIGGIN LTD.

In craftsmanship there is no alternative to beauty; no substitute for quality. In tableware the assurance of both comes with the name 'OLDE HALL' . . . a name that is accepted and appreciated by women throughout the world.

Olde Hall

OLD HALL WORKS, BLOXWICH, WALSALL



St. Martin
'CHUNKY'
Regd. Trade Mark
MARMALADE

with all its delicious flavour
and pre-war quality

IS NOW OBTAINABLE
FROM ALL HIGH CLASS GROCERS & STORES

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Horsted Keynes.



Wilkinson's
LIQUORICE ALLSORTS



Stocked
by All
Leading
Stores

LIST FREE FROM
IFCO LTD LIVERPOOL 3



ROYAL BABIES

Every mother feels that nothing but the best is good enough for her baby, and she is right. During the early formative years the most important single factor is correct feeding. This is where, above everything else, a mother must insist on her baby's having the best, and nothing but the best. Baby must have in his daily bottle a full quota of fat, carbohydrates, proteins, minerals and vitamins, all in exactly the right proportions. If natural feeding fails, the food in which these vital requirements are most perfectly met is COW & GATE Milk Food.

This food, which has become world famous as the "Food of Royal Babies," is prepared by a special process which provides all the essential constituents in the correct proportions for steady, sturdy growth. It is also fortified by the addition of Vitamin D and iron.

Thousands of babies now grown up to perfect manhood and womanhood testify to the sure foundations of good health laid by this superlative food. Thousands still on the food have "That COW & GATE Look" of perfect health which should be every child's birthright.

We all know that a Royal Baby is bound to be given the best that is obtainable. Twelve Royal Babies to date have been fed on COW & GATE. Can you do better for your baby?

Have the lifelong happiness and satisfaction of knowing that your baby also had the best that money could buy, and the best possible start in life. Get a tin from your chemist to-day.

The new abridged Edition of "MOTHERHOOD" is now available. Send 6d. in stamps for your copy to Cow & Gate Ltd., Dept. P, Guildford, Surrey.

COW & GATE LTD.

GUILDFORD

4493

"Glad you like this sherry —it's South African

It's extremely good. I got some South African wine the other day . . .

I know. A good wine, but not of this quality.

Precisely, but why the difference?

Well, this is a truly representative South African wine. You see, though the Cape has been for centuries one of the world's finest wine countries, it couldn't compete in Britain with European countries until Empire wines got a duty preference twenty years ago. That bucked up the South African industry.

But why haven't we tasted such wines before?

Because really fine wines are achieved by selectivity, experiment and slow maturing. South Africa has done as much in twenty years with some wines as the Continent has in generations.

Only certain wines, then?

So far. All are good, but not all are fine. The improvement is naturally progressive.

Were South African wines well-known here before the preference twenty years ago?

Now you're delving into history. They used to be very popular. But in 1860 Mr. Gladstone removed the Colonial Preference and sent the South African wine industry into the wilderness.

Is that likely to happen again?

I hope not. Imperial Preference has encouraged the South African wine growers to tremendous efforts. The British Government is not likely to lead such an important Empire Industry up the garden again. It wouldn't make sense.

So we can look forward to several kinds of really fine wines from South Africa?

You certainly can, and very soon, too."

**SOUTH AFRICAN WINE FARMERS
ASSOCIATION**

(LONDON) LIMITED



Change to an **AGA** COOKER & WATER HEATER and enjoy

ITS CONSTANT READINESS

ITS IMMACULATE CLEANLINESS

ITS LABOUR SAVING

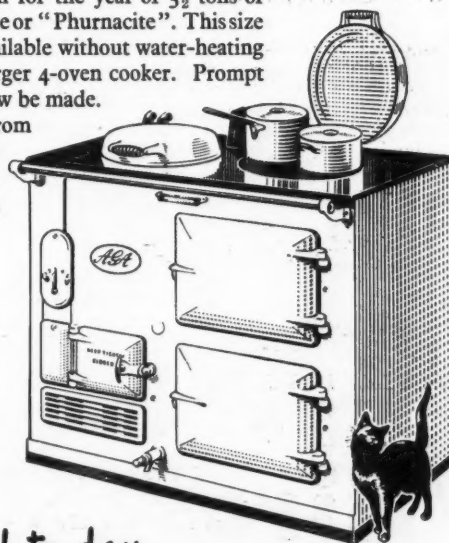
ITS TREMENDOUS SAVING IN FUEL . . .

and all the hot
water you need

THERE IS A HEAVEN OF COMFORT in the house with an Aga! Its fire burns continuously without work or worry for you, yet uses only a shilling's worth of fuel a day or less — doing all your cooking and giving you enough hot water for 3 piping hot baths daily, and for all other household uses.

The Aga Model CB Cooker and Water Heater shown here has a *guaranteed* maximum fuel consumption for the year of $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons of COKE, anthracite or "Phurnacite". This size model is also available without water-heating and there is a larger 4-oven cooker. Prompt deliveries can now be made.

Aga models from £85—£115. Hire purchase terms at less than £4 a month.



Send to-day

for free 26-page catalogue "The Saga of the Aga", fully illustrated in colour, dealing with all Aga models — including also kitchen designs by a leading expert. Write to: Aga Heat Ltd., 2/2 Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.1.

(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)

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HELPS YOU TO GIVE
SOMETHING UNUSUAL THIS CHRISTMAS

After you've run through the list of conventional gifts and discarded them as "too ordinary" turn to Biro and give something extraordinary and extraordinarily good.



BIROMATIC

A new Biro triumph. The pen that dispenses with the usual cap and protects the nib by tucking it away inside the handsome case. To write just press the stud gently until you hear a click and there is the nib ready for action. A further gentle pressure and the nib slides back again. Single-handed finger-light pressure is all that is needed and refills can be fitted in a second or two.

ROLLED GOLD 45/-
RHODIUM PLATED
29/4

A superb double purpose all metal gift combining an automatic lighter with a retractable Biro pen. The nib is in the barrel, a flick brings it down ready for writing — another thumb flick and it disappears. Supplied complete with two extra refills — one blue, one red.

PRICE 22/-



BALITA

LOOK FOR THIS BIRO CHRISTMAS

DISPLAY IN YOUR DEALER'S WINDOW

Biro pens for your
Christmas
thoughts

Manufactured by The Miles-Martin Pen Co. Ltd.



'Think of your gums
next time you clean
your teeth'



TekBRISTLE

Sound teeth depend on healthy gums. That is why dentists recommend the firm, springy but gentle brushing of a Tek pure bristle toothbrush—a friend to gums as well as teeth.

BRISTLE 2/6
also Nylon 1/10; Junior 1/3

FIRM WITH TEETH
—KIND TO GUMS

★ Gum disorders are widespread. To keep firm and healthy, gums need regular, gentle stimulation.

★ Drastic brushing is harmful. Stimulation of delicate gum tissue is best provided by a natural bristle toothbrush.

★ The resilience of pure bristle enables you to clean the teeth thoroughly and give the gums correct care.

Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain) Ltd. Slough & Gargrave

DOLCIN

Reg. Trade Mark

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

IN THE FIGHT

AGAINST RHEUMATIC AILMENTS

Sufferers from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Fibrositis, Lumbago and Gout can now secure PROMPT relief from the painful symptoms of these disorders.

DOLCIN has already succeeded in countless cases in this country, and in America and Canada. Dolcin is recommended by Doctors and is used in clinics and hospitals.

The DOLCIN discovery provides a new approach to the problem of rheumatic ailments by combining calcium succinate and acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) in a special way. Not only does Dolcin provide prompt relief from painful symptoms — it also gives PROLONGED relief because it contains substances which improve the supply of blood and oxygen to the affected areas.

DOLCIN is NON-TOXIC — it cannot harm the heart or any other organ and can be taken with safety over long periods in severe cases to eliminate rheumatic activity.

DOLCIN is stocked by your chemist in bottles of 100 tablets for 10/- and 500 tablets for 45/- including tax.

Be sure you get genuine Dolcin — the original and tested compound.

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Designers and makers of fine shoes for ladies



Nicholson Gin - too good to drown

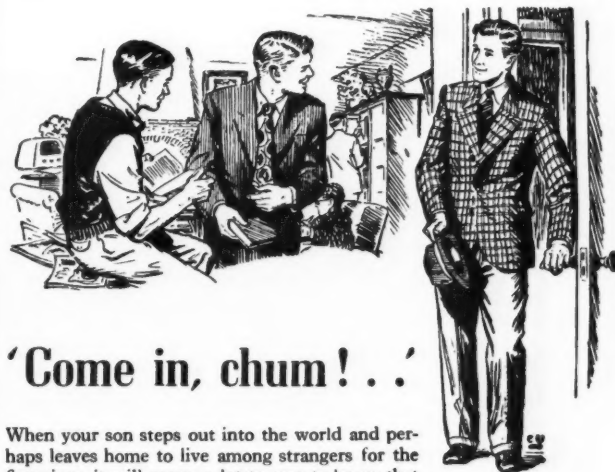
Ask for Nicholson by name and enjoy the gin with the true old English flavour



Created for those who value distinction and look for an unusual degree of quality in their toilet accessories . . . Cussons Imperial Leather, Apple Blossom, and Linden Blossom Toilet Powders and the famous White Cross Baby Powder.

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MAKERS OF IMPERIAL LEATHER TOILET LUXURIES



'Come in, chum! . . '

When your son steps out into the world and perhaps leaves home to live among strangers for the first time, it will mean a lot to you to know that he is finding the right kind of friends.

Every day, the Y.M.C.A. is doing for somebody's son what you would wish someone to do for yours. At home and abroad, for young men in the Forces and others embarking on civilian careers, it provides the means of physical, mental and spiritual refreshment. It offers the interests, friendships and encouragements every young man needs when he can no longer live at home.

Will you help the Y.M.C.A. to maintain and extend its work for other men's sons . . . and maybe your own? Please give generously and promptly.

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When sudden overload or storm damage interrupts the mains, you will see, in any darkened urban area, some few lighted buildings here and there: hospitals, factories, public buildings, stores and cinemas. Places where sudden darkness holds risks too great to be tolerated and a battery stands by against emergency. In buildings such as these, all over Britain, Chloride Batteries are on duty; and the list of new installations increases steadily. The Chloride Electrical Storage Company, originators and makers of the Keepalite automatic emergency lighting system, have over 50 years' experience of battery design and manufacture. Chloride, Exide and Exide-Ironclad Batteries can be trusted: and they are.

